Saturday Review

AUGUST 14, 1954 / 20¢

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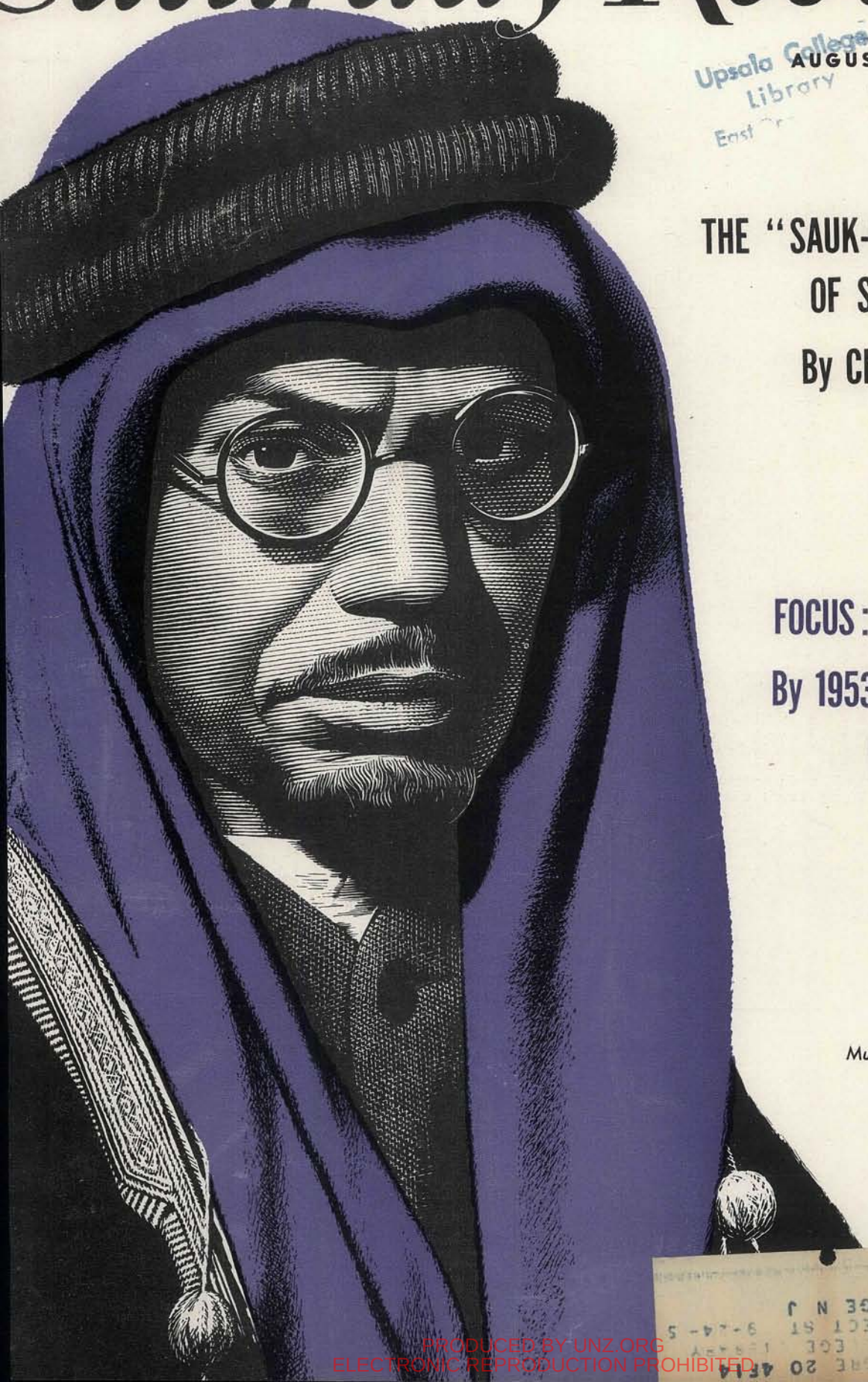

THE "SAUK-CENTRICITIES" OF SINCLAIR LEWIS

By Charles Breasted

FOCUS: 24,000 MILES

By 1953's World Photo Contest Winner

Muhammad Asad, author of "The Road to Mecca."
(See page 9)

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The storied sights and romance of the great capitals of France, Italy and Britain and the Mediterranean's fabulous playground, plus various side excursions, will offer never-to-be-forgotten moments for the Grand Prize winner as Pan American World Airways flies him and his companion across the Atlantic and around Europe.

There will be twenty-seven awards in all for SATURDAY REVIEW readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-and-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

Because of the increasing interest our readers have shown both in travel and photography, THE SATURDAY REVIEW decided to establish these World Photographic Awards last year. C. R. McLeod, of Detroit, Michigan, won the 1953 Grand Prize—a flight around the world via Pan American—and reports on his globe-circling trip in words and pictures in this issue.

Winning pictures will again be featured in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 1, 1955, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 1st issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Joseph Costa—Chairman of the Board, National Press Photographers Association, and Chief Photographer, King Features Syndicate.

Full details of the Grand Prize and of the other 26 valuable awards will be announced in future issues. Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1954. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Should the Grand Prize winner prefer some other trip than the European holiday outlined above, its equivalent for one or two persons to any points served by Pan American World Airways can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways and members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been made after July 1, 1953, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes. They may be taken with any kind of camera on any kind of film, either in color or black-and-white.

3. Black-and-white photographs must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10. On the back of the photograph must appear the name, age and address of the photographer, the make of the camera and film used in taking the picture, the date and place it was shot. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching is permitted on prints or the negatives from which they are made. No composite pictures, such as multiple printing or montages, are eligible. No black-and-white pictures from color transparencies will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed. No prints will be returned. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

4. Original color transparencies must be submitted. Color prints are not eligible. All transparencies must be mounted, preferably in metal or cardboard frames. Glass mounts are acceptable, but are much more likely to be broken in shipping and handling. The same photographic data as for black-and-white pictures must be given and should be written or otherwise given directly on each mounting frame for each picture. Gummed labels can be used on metal frames. Color stereos are eligible, but will be judged as single pictures so only one transparency need be sent. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Duplicate transparencies will be made for color prize winners.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1954, to be eligible for judging. Important: no more than twelve pictures, six in each category, can be submitted by any one entrant.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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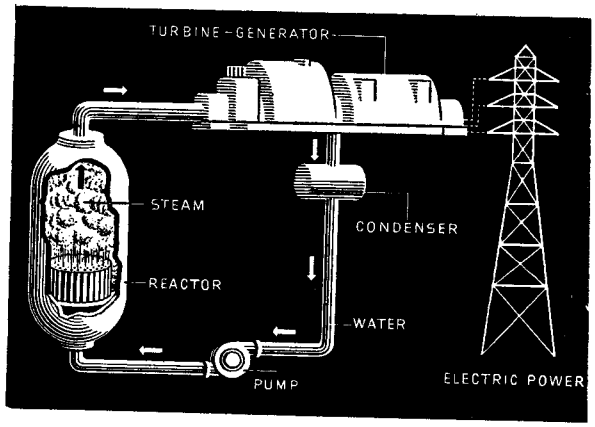

Atomic power plant of type developed by the A. E. C.'s Argonne National Laboratory. Fissionable material serves as fuel to produce steam which powers turbine. For more information from G. E.'s Atomic Power Study, write Dept. **F**, 2-119, Schenectady, N. Y.

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

▶ This is the season when people are supposed not to be buying books. They are traveling, or acquiring suntans, or generally relaxing. They may be reading penny-dreadfuls or whodunits. They may, of course, be catching up with their serious reading.

▶ Looking back over the books we have mentioned since January, we think that we can make a few suggestions for readers with varied tastes. Anyone interested in the theater will welcome **Theater Pictorial,** by George Altman, Ralph Freud, Kenneth Macgowan, and William Melnitz ($10.00), a history of world theater recorded in drawings, paintings, engravings, and photographs. We enjoyed our new edition of **An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews** ($2.75), Fielding's witty parody of Richardson's *Pamela,* edited by Sheridan W. Baker. **Michele Barbi's "Life of Dante"** ($3.00), translated by Paul G. Ruggiers, is the first English translation of the most authoritative introduction to Dante in print.

▶ India is important in present-day world politics; **The White Umbrella,** by D. Mackenzie Brown ($3.75), surveys ancient and modern Indian political thought from Manu to Gandhi. For anyone interested in folk tales there is Ella E. Clark's **Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest** ($4.50). How writers capture the quality of private consciousness and communicate it to their readers is analyzed in **Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel,** by Robert Humphrey ($2.75). Journalists have praised Edmond D. Coblentz' **Newsmen Speak** ($3.50), which gives the concepts, formulas, and philosophies of some of America's outstanding newspaper men. We expected psychologists, artists, and aestheticians to like **Art and Visual Perception,** by Rudolf Arnheim ($10.00), which is modern psychology applied to the study of art, but it also seems that doctors, particularly optometrists, are interested in the book.

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 14, 1954

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SR/IDEAS

7 THE "SAUK-CENTRICITIES" OF SINCLAIR LEWIS, by Charles Breasted

20 THE NOVELIST'S DREAD OF FINALITY: AN EDITORIAL

31 FOCUS: 24,000 MILES, by C. R. McLeod

SR/BOOKS

9 THE ROAD TO MECCA, by Muhammad Asad
Reviewed by Paul L. Hanna

10 TELL FREEDOM, by Peter Abrahams
Reviewed by Roi Ottley

11 MUSSOLINI, by Paolo Monelli
Reviewed by René Albrecht-Carrie

12 CATTLE FOR THE COUCH
An Essay-Review by Seth Agnew

13 SIDESTREET, by Robert O. Bowen
Reviewed by Durham Curtis

14 A LONG TIME SINCE MORNING, by Leon Odell Griffith
Reviewed by James Kelly

14 AMERICAN ACCENT, edited by Elizabeth Abell
Reviewed by William Peden

15 THE GOLDEN HORIZON, edited by Cyril Connolly
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster

16 PORTRAITS, by Desmond MacCarthy
Reviewed by Maurice Dolbier

17 THE WRITER AND HIS CRAFT
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar

18 MODERN SAGAS, by Thorstina Walters
Reviewed by Vilhjalmur Stefansson

19 THE WAY OF THE FOUR WINDS, by Yrjö Kokko
Reviewed by Raymond Holden

19 MOUNTAINS IN THE DESERT, by Louis Carl and Joseph Petit
Reviewed by Giles Hubbard

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Cleveland Amory

8 LITERARY I.Q.

21 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

22 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes

24 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Lee Rogow

25 TV AND RADIO, by Gilbert Seldes

25 LITERARY CRYPT

26 IDEAS ON FILM, by Cecile Starr

28 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton

37 NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman

43 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 1064

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TRADE Winds

ALL THOSE gags about "The Cohn Mutiny," "The Joe Joe Joe boys," "Schoo Schine," "Mundt's TV," and "The War of Jenkins's Mouth" have not yet dropped dead. Most of the principals of the late hearings have taken the show on the road, via the lecture circuit, and even the resigned Roy Cohn promptly sold his story, entitled "My Own Story," to Hearst. Ironically, the man who said in his farewell speech that he alone "would return to obscurity," Gentleman Joe Welch, was the first to Tell All; via Luce he beat Cohn and Hearst to the newsstands by two days. With Mr. Welch, as Somerset Maugham once said about Jane Austen, one is always waiting for something to happen on the next page. In a book, as the great Miss Austen proved, this can be wonderful; in a magazine article, or for that matter in a hearing, it can be as disappointing as the Boston Red Sox. Personally we were most interested in the fact that Mr Welch works at a stand-up desk; we do too. Apparently, it is the safest way for a Bostonian to write—and a custom which should have been included in "The Proper Bostonians."

MEANWHILE, the first book on the hearings, "Trial by Television," by Michael Straight, is being rushed into print by the Beacon Press for publication late next month. Mr. Straight is a specialist in firsts; his "Make This the Last War" was the first book to be published about the United Nations. Some chapter titles of his "T by TV": "The Collapse of Senator Mundt," "The Art of Mr. Welch," "The Integrity of Senator McClellan," "The Conscience of Senator Symington," "The Power of Private Schine," "The Ambivalence of Mr. Cohn," and "The Reluctance of Mr. Carr."

Late this month, on August 30, appears "McCarthy and the Communists." Not to be confused with "McCarthy and His Enemies," the anti-anti-McCarthy book by Messrs. Buckley and Bozell, "McCarthy and the Communists" is sponsored by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom; it is the first book on McCarthy in power and deals primarily with his power after January 1953. The authors, James Rorty (a Taft Republican) and Moshe Decter (a Stevenson Democrat), list ten chief patterns of Communist methods of political controversy: (1) the multiple untruth, (2) the abuse of documents, (3) insinuation and innuendo, (4) the slander amalgam, (5) intimidation, (6) attributing significance to the irrelevant, (7) the bluff and diversionary gambit, (8) the personal spy network, (9) contempt for the law, and (10) the unfounded charge of treason. "It is rather startling," the authors conclude, "to find that during his relatively brief political career the Junior Senator from Wisconsin has employed not some but all of these methods—and not once or twice but habitually."

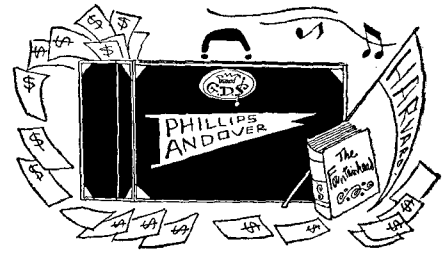
THERE HAVE, of course, been many books about, around, against, and for McCarthy. In the philosophical vein, Elmer Davis's "But We Were Born Free" (Bobbs Merrill) and Norman Thomas's "The Test of Freedom" (Norton) seem, in our opinion, the best to stand the test of time. For a step-by-step biography, however, and so far the basic book, don't overlook "McCarthy—The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism'," by Jack Anderson (a Washington correspondent) and Ronald May (a Wisconsin writer). First published by Beacon in October 1952, it has sold through several printings at $3.75 and was in May reprinted, in a handsome library edition, at $2.49. "By their research and inquiry into the childhood and youth of McCarthy," says William T. Evjue, editor of the Madison, Wisconsin, *Capital Times*, "the authors provide, for the first time, an understanding of the compulsions that move this strange man to whom the Big Lie seems a natural and legitimate political weapon." In a word, Anderson and May's "Man, Senator and 'Ism'" is still *the* book on *that* man.

But it doesn't always take two authors to write about McCarthy, either pro or con; we call your attention to "American Demagogues: Twentieth Century," by *one* Reinhard H. Luthin. Mr. Luthin, a Catholic and a Republican, has written 400 pages, to be published in September, not only about McCarthy, whom he calls "Wisconsin's Briefcase Demagogue," but he has also allotted individual biographies to James M. Curley, Theodore G. Bilbo, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Boss Hague, "Pa and Ma" Ferguson, Gene Talmadge, "Big Bill" Thompson, Vito Marcantonio, and Huey Long. And, Mr. Luthin tells us, the Greeks had *two* words for them—*demos agogas*—leaders of the people, or of the popular party.

As for the staff of "The American College Dictionary" (Random House), they have decided that the word "McCarthyism" is destined for permanence in the American idiom along with such others of political origin as "bunkum," "gerrymander," etc. The staff also feels that all pros, antis, and middle-of-the-roaders will be satisfied with their definition: (1) public accusation of disloyalty, especially of pro-Communist activity, in many instances unsupported by proof or based on slight, doubtful, or irrelevant evidence; (2) unfairness in investigative technique; and (3) persistent search for and exposure of disloyalty, especially in government offices.

IN THE MIDST of all this we received a tip from an informer whose identity we will refuse to divulge on the grounds of Old School Tie. Private Schine, we were told, roomed with a son of Secretary Stevens at Phillips Andover Academy. The tip turned out to be a bit cropped. Schine attended Andover, all right, class of '45. Three Stevens sons also attended—Robert T. Jr., '42, Whitney, '44, and William G., '49. Schine knew Whitney best but did not room with him. A below-average student, Schine roomed his first year with Seth Baker, who later married Jack Benny's daughter, and his last year with Fritz Green, who was later head of the Williams fraternity which caused such a furore by taking in a Negro and splitting from the national body. In Schine's second and third year he roomed with nobody, and various report-card comments on him were as follows: "idealistic," "lone wolf," "terribly serious," "not much imagination," "slow and faithful," "poor sense of humor," "liked sympathy and attention," "needs a little perspective on himself," and "loyal to Andover."

Once on the trail we bloodhounded our way right on to the pre-private life of Schine at Harvard. In the offices of our old stomping ground, the *Harvard Crimson*, we ran across an article by an excellent young reporter, J. Anthony Lukas. "Wealth, of course," said Mr. Lukas, "is not out of place here, but Schine made it so. He lived in a style which went out here with the era of the Gold Coast." Schine had not only a beautifully appointed room; he also had a valet and a private secretary. The latter often attended his classes and then took his lecture notes (which she later typed out), and also, via a dictaphone, tran-



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—*Saturday Review*

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

scribed his reading notes. Despite this, Schine flunked out in the spring of '46. But Harvard, sticking to its policy of reinstating any student who holds a job for a full year after failing, readmitted him in the fall of '47 (after his year in the Army Transport Service), and in 1949 graduated him. At one time the solicitous Harvard housemaster of Adams House begged Schine's roommates to be nicer to him. "We tried," said one of them, "but he made it impossible."

One of Schine's efforts to prove himself to a fellow student led him to approach the latter and say, "I'm signing a check for $3,000. Have you ever signed a check for that much?" At another time he carried a suitcase with $1,000 in it through Harvard Yard "just for fun." His favorite book was Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead," because, declared a roommate, "to him it illustrated the importance of power." Schine's extracurricular distinction was playing the cymbals in the Harvard Band. Defeated for the position of band manager, he quit the band and went to New York and made a concerted attempt to interest orchestra leaders in his songs, "All of My Loves" and "Please Say Yes, or It's Good-bye."

Probably Schine's greatest achievement in proving himself was to call the head of a music company in the middle of the night and order installed before daybreak a huge white electronic piano-radio-phonograph-television (although Boston at that time had no TV station). To accomplish this feat it was necessary to block off Plympton Street and fly a technician from Trenton, New Jersey. Finally, at 6 A.M. the instrument was ready and Schine, to the remains of a fascinated audience, ran his fingers once along the keyboard. "Well," he said, "I guess I'll go to bed now."

The *Crimson* reporter found good words for Schine from the janitor of Adams House, who also served as his valet. The valet liked Schine, and Schine visited his valet's house for dinner several times. For his social life in Boston Proper, however, Schine had another system. He had a large black convertible equipped with a two-way phone-radio, and when invited to someone's house he would make it a practice to telephone direct from it. "This is G. David Schine," he would say, "I am now entering Copley Square. Could you direct me from here?" Then, a few minutes later. "This is G. David Schine. I am now approaching Kenmore Square. Could you direct me further?"

We could, but we won't. We'll just say Please Let Us Say No, and Goodbye. —CLEVELAND AMORY.

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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 14, 1954

The "Sauk-Centricities" of SINCLAIR LEWIS

By CHARLES BREASTED

Few writers in the long history of literature have been more colorful in their personal behavior than Sinclair Lewis—which accounts for the spate of reminiscences that have been written about him since his death in January 1951. This memoir by Charles Breasted, son of the late James Henry Breasted, covers the period from 1922 to 1926—from "Babbitt" to "Elmer Gantry"—and reveals that behind the eccentricities, exhibitionism, and bombast there was a fundamentally humane man who lived, as he died, in ultimate loneliness.

I FIRST met Sinclair Lewis in the United States, when he was capitalizing on the success of "Main Street" by lecturing far and wide; but our real acquaintance and eventual friendship dated from a February afternoon in 1922, when we both happened simultaneously to converge upon the American Consulate General in London to have our passports extended. Lewis was then completing "Babbitt" in a bare-walled, single-windowed room, furnished with a table and two chairs, which he had rented in the Middle Temple in London. During those days he used to join me periodically for dinners and simple soirées at the homes of old friends in the Holland Park and Camden Hill sections of London, where we met such diverse personalities as George Peabody Gooch, the English historian; Hermann Gollancz, the Semitist; Maxwell Armfield, the sadly crippled yet extraordinarily active artist; Cyril Scott, the composer; Edmund Dulac, the illustrator; and many others. Lewis had already struck up a warm friendship with H. G. Wells (which was to prove sadly short-lived), and had met Galsworthy, Claude Lovat Fraser, Barrie (his historic visit with Conrad, which Wolfe so witheringly described in "The Web and the Rock," came much later), and other leading figures of the day. He was greatly impressed with what seemed to him their un-British easy informality, and with the fact that their social gatherings included every age level and that the young people in their teens seemed genuinely to enjoy such association with their elders. He would always compliment his hosts especially on this latter aspect of their social life, which was in such contrast to the separation between generations in the United States. This in turn would lead him to expound upon the foibles and fortes of life in America. If the occasion included games, he was likely to be in the middle of them, usually on the floor; and as often as not he would end up by teaching a group of guests, including the prettiest girl present, the subtleties of poker.

One evening when we were on our

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way in a taxi to some such gathering I asked Lewis if "Main Street" wasn't largely autobiographical. He answered that of course Doc Kennicut was a portrait of his father. Then I said, "What about Carol Kennicut—isn't she a portrait of you?" He seemed startled and said that only a very few people had guessed her identity. "Yes," he added, "Carol is 'Red' Lewis: always groping for something she isn't capable of attaining, always dissatisfied, always restlessly straining to see what lies just over the horizon, intolerant of her surroundings, yet lacking any clearly defined vision of what she really wants to do or to be."

For a number of years during which my work involved much travel to the Middle East, I saw Lewis often as I moved back and forth. Wherever it might be, he was always a magnet for a heterogeneous agglomeration of personalities who at all hours of the day, and more especially of the night, trooped through his current domicile. While they flattered his ego, they primarily reflected his inexhaustible interest in people, among whom young writers were always the objects of his special solicitude, encouragement, and, very frequently, financial assistance. Somehow, despite his own work and crowded off-hours, he always managed to find the time for reading, or at least tentatively appraising, most of the manuscripts which he continually received from eager young hopefuls. He was genuinely delighted whenever this stream of bathos and mediocrity yielded anything of even modest promise, and felt supremely rewarded when—as in one instance which I have never forgotten—he came upon a pearl of great price.

ONE morning in the spring of 1928, when he was again keeping bachelor quarters in London at No. 10 Bury Street, I happened in, en route home from Egypt, and found him completely enthralled by a typescript, about which in his overwhelming enthusiasm he was for once almost inarticulate. "If this isn't it," he burst out, "I predict that the young giant who wrote it *will* eventually produce *the* American novel, and anyway some of the finest work of our generation! His name's Tom Wolfe, and he's absolutely superb! I want you to meet him—he's dropping in tonight about two A. M."

When I returned late that evening "Hal" Lewis (as he was known to his older friends) was still sitting amongst the typescript of "Look Homeward, Angel." He continued to expatiate upon it and towards two o'clock glanced at his watch and remarked that Tom should be along any minute now. "He'll announce himself long before he gets here," Hal said. He had hardly spoken when from the far end of Bury Street the stillness was shattered by an unholy clatter as of ash and refuse cans being dragged across sidewalks, emptied into the gutter, and tossed high into the air, to roll booming and clanging down toward St. James's. From the speed with which the cacophony was approaching, it was evident that more than one man was at work. We leaned out of a window and watched the methodical, efficient Halloween rampage of a pair of young Americans, one of whom, in the light of the street lamps, looked like a titan. When they reached No. 10 they dusted each other off, and, leaving Bury Street looking like a prophecy of a future "blitz," started upstairs in the lift, which they insisted on operating themselves.

"After midnight," Hal said, "Tom upsets ash cans all over London, and the bobbies on the beat always politely look the other way!"

Tom Wolfe and the other marauder, a young American musical-comedy librettist, appeared at Hal's door, greeted him cordially, apologized for being so late—"We had to work our way over from Leicester Square," Tom explained—and after washing up, poured themselves double drinks and settled in for some of the best talk I had ever heard. They were still going strong toward five in the morning when I finally left my first, and only, meeting with Tom Wolfe.

Two years prior to this encounter, in the summer of 1926, Hal and I had unexpectedly met again, as fellow guests at a houseparty on one of the ten thousand islands in Rainy Lake, Minnesota. He was at work on "Elmer Gantry." His father, old Doc Kennicut of "Main Street," was at the moment gravely ill, and one night Hal's almost feminine intuition suddenly warned him that the coming morning might bring news from Sauk Center of the old doctor's death. He was unable to sleep, and so came and roused me and asked me to sit with him in the dressing room of our guest house and talk—which for me meant listening. We sat on a bench, he with his knees drawn up and his arms resting on them as he smoked incessantly.

"My father has never forgiven me for 'Main Street'," he said. "When I saw him a few weeks ago, we shook hands—but he can't comprehend the book, much less grasp that it's the greatest tribute I knew how to pay him. He felt that I should have served an honored profession by becoming a doctor myself, insteading of derogating and besmirching it in a book libeling my own birthplace. 'Main

(*Continued on page* 33)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TUNEFUL TITLES

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, presents a list of twenty literary titles which might easily be mistaken for a program of music. Can you match them with their authors? Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is moderato, seventy crescendo, and eighty or better rhapsodic. Answers on page 13.

1. "The Prelude"	( ) Don Appell
2. "The Cradle Song"	( ) Witter Bynner
3. "Duet in Floodlight"	( ) Stuart Cloete
4. "Four Quartets"	( ) Sydney Dobell
5. "Piano Quintet"	( ) T. S. Eliot
6. "The Indian Serenade"	( ) John Galsworthy
7. "Congo Song"	( ) André Gide
8. "La Symphonie Pastorale"	( ) Nelson Hayes
9. "Chamber Music"	( ) Fannie Hurst
10. "Appassionata"	( ) Aldous Huxley
11. "A Canticle of Pan"	( ) James Joyce
12. "The Waltz"	( ) G. Martinez-Sierra
13. "A Chanted Calendar"	( ) Dorothy Parker
14. "The Lost Chord"	( ) J. B. Priestley
15. "Music at Night"	( ) Adelaide Procter
16. "The Kreutzer Sonata"	( ) Edward C. Sackville-West
17. "Lullaby"	( ) J. D. Scott
18. "Rhapsody in Andros"	( ) Percy Bysshe Shelley
19. "The End of an Old Song"	( ) Leo Tolstoy
20. "Swan Song"	( ) William Wordsworth

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BIOGRAPHY

In Quest of Absolutes

"The Road to Mecca," by Muhammad Asad *(Simon & Schuster. 400 pp. $5), is an account by a European-born Jew turned Moslem of a pilgrimage he made to the holy city, filled with lessons for the contemporary world, West and East. Paul L. Hanna, who reviews it below, is professor of history at the University of Florida and author of "British Policy in Palestine."*

By Paul L. Hanna

MUHAMMAD ASAD is a man of two worlds. Born Leopold Weiss into a middle-class Jewish family in Austrian Poland at the turn of the century and coming to young manhood amid the economic, political, and spiritual uncertainties of central Europe following the First World War, he became, a quarter of a century ago, Muhammad Asad, and in the course of time a Moslem authority on Islamic law and representative of Pakistan at the United Nations.

His new book, "The Road to Mecca," has for its narrative frame an account of a journey which he took late in the summer of 1932 from the Iraq-Saudi Arabia frontier across the desert to the Moslem holy city of Mecca. Muhammad Asad loves the desert and has an eye for its grandeur and its austere beauties. But he has endured its harshness as well. No reader will soon forget his account of his suffering from thirst as, lost from his single companion, he wandered for three days in its apparently limitless reaches.

The adventures he recounts are not restricted to the events of this single pilgrimage, for the major portion of the volume is concerned with a series of flashbacks to earlier experiences: a visit to Palestine in 1922; travels as a journalist in Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Trans-Jordan, Iraq, Iran, and Afghanistan in the years which followed; and life in Arabia, which became Asad's home for a time after his acceptance of Islam in 1926. The stories of a journey to Kuwayt in 1929 through territory held by the forces of the rebel Faysal ad-Dawish during the Ikhwan rebellion against Ibn Saud and of a mission to Cyrenaica in 1931 in hopes of arranging aid for the Sanusi resistance to the Italians are filled with intrigue and suspense.

To many hammock-ensconced Americans, his book will appeal primarily as an absorbing tale of travel and adventure. Others will find their chief interest in its revelation of a man's search for religious certainty. Though Asad emphasizes the rationality of Islam and his own intellectual approach to the problem of religion, it is clear that there is a romantic and even a mystical element in his character. As a young man he was repelled by the gross materialism which he felt dominated Western civilization. Only formally a Jew, though well grounded in the Hebrew tradition, he was distressed by the exclusiveness of Judaism but was unable to accept the dualism of a Christian theology which, though universal in its appeal, found it necessary to reject or abase the things of the flesh in order to exalt those of the spirit. He sought both universality and recognition of unity in the material and the spiritual aspects of man's life. Humanism, however, with its relativity of values, did not satisfy him. There must, he felt, be a "new faith of the heart . . . a new burning surrender to values which tolerated no Ifs and Buts. . . ." He was in search of a system of absolutes.

Strongly attracted by the Arabs and impressed with the glories of early Islamic culture, Asad believed he had found in the Koran and the traditions of Mohammed the solution to his problem. "The Islamic code embraced life in all its aspects, moral and physical, individual and communal; problems of the flesh and of the mind, of sex and economics had, side by side with problems of theology and worship, their legitimate place in the

THE AUTHOR: Muhammad Asad left New York City last May on a leisurely journey to Pakistan by way of West Germany (he is currently in Hamburg, broadcasting on the Islamic world at the invitation of the Northwest German Radio) and the Middle East (he has seen it all, but his wife, an American and like himself a Moslem by conversion, hasn't). Asad had spent about a year at the U.N. serving as Pakistan's Minister Plenipotentiary and Alternate Representative, resigning in 1952; he wasn't one of those fire-breathing delegates, his job as No. 2 man in the delegation being mostly spadework. Asad's U.N. assignment catapulted him out of a quarter century of study, work, and travel in the Middle East.

"My sojourn in the West was extremely stimulating from the intellectual point of view," he says, "yet the end result has been the strengthening within me of the conviction that my true home is in the Moslem world." Asad's name was Leopold Weiss when he was born in 1900 in Lwow, Austria. His father was a barrister, his grandfather an orthodox rabbi. Weiss made his first journey among the Arabs in 1922, departing from Berlin like a man in search of a vacation, not a faith. Four years later, after working his way across the Middle East as a foreign correspondent, he was converted to Islam. The next couple of decades were split up roughly between the Arab and Indian worlds. It was in India that he made the acquaintance of the late Dr. Muhammad Iqbal, the Indian Moslem poet and philosopher. "He was the originator of the Pakistan idea, and it was he who prevailed upon me to remain there and work for the cultural revival of the Moslem community there," Asad recalled. After the creation of Pakistan Asad joined the foreign service in 1950. "My main concern was to strengthen the natural bonds between Pakistan and the rest of the Moslem world," he said. "I felt then that this strengthening was the fundamental requirement of Pakistan's foreign policy, and I still do."

—BERNARD KALB.

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Prophet's teachings, and nothing that pertained to life seemed too trivial to be drawn into the orbit of religious thought. . . ."

ON still another level Asad's book will appeal to those concerned with the political realities of the present. For, despite his romanticism, he is far too shrewd an observer to believe that the ideals of Islam as he interprets them correspond to the realities of Moslem life today. He sees about him in the Moslem world inequality of income and dire poverty, disease and indifference to it, ignorance and indolence, the division of Islam into antagonistic sectarian, tribal, and (under the impact of the West) national groups, and the overlaying and corrupting of Islamic law by inconsistent customs and erroneous interpretations. Yet what does it matter that the Moslems have gone astray from the original teaching, that they do not live up to the ideal placed before them by the Arabian Prophet thirteen centuries ago—if the ideal itself still lies open to all who are willing to listen to its message? Asad therefore has looked for a man or a movement capable of leading Islam along the course of a material progress balanced by a concern for eternal and human values. Ibn Saud, his earliest hope, proved a broken reed—"a king aiming no higher than so many other autocratic Eastern rulers before him." The Sanusi movement showed itself too weak for the task. Asad's faith now apparently rests in the creation of a truly Islamic republic in Pakistan and in Pakistani leadership of the Moslem world.

Over three hundred million Moslems occupy the belt of territory stretching from Morocco across northern Africa and central and southern Asia to the islands of Indonesia. Their orientation will help to determine the outcome of the struggle between Russia and the West, for they hold strategic positions along the coasts of the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean. Their military strength is slight but, in alliance with the West, their defense against Communist ideological penetration or Russian military aggression might become part of an effective containment policy. The Moslem peoples are in general repelled by the materialism of Communism. They are, however, suspicious and fearful of the West. Most of them have recently experienced its colonialism and its exploitive economic power. European-American culture often seems to them quite as materialistic as that of Russia, and the easy assumption by Europeans of the superiority of all things Western and their relegation of Islamic peoples, Islamic institutions, and Islamic ideals to a position of inferiority rankle deeply. The Moslems' own recognition of their relative backwardness in many aspects of material culture only makes their bitterness more intense. Moslem antagonism to the West has cultural as well as political and economic bases.

The initiative for a rapprochement between the West and the Islamic world must come from the more powerful West. The old-style colonial empires are already almost gone; economic exploitation is gradually giving way to aid for self-development; cultural understanding, however, is still in its infancy. Muhammad Asad's book may help to develop an appreciation of Moslem ideals and aspirations both among those who cannot accept his or any other system of absolutes, believing that spiritual values are the outcome of purely human experience, and also among those who will continue to find in Judaism or in Christianity satisfying prescriptions for the problems of today.

Third-Class Creature

"Tell Freedom," by Peter Abrahams *(Alfred A. Knopf. 370 pp. $4), is the personal history of a sensitive Negro, who grew up to become an important novelist, during the first twenty-one years of his life in South Africa. Here it is reviewed by Roi Ottley, author of "Black Odyssey," "New World A'Coming," and other books.*

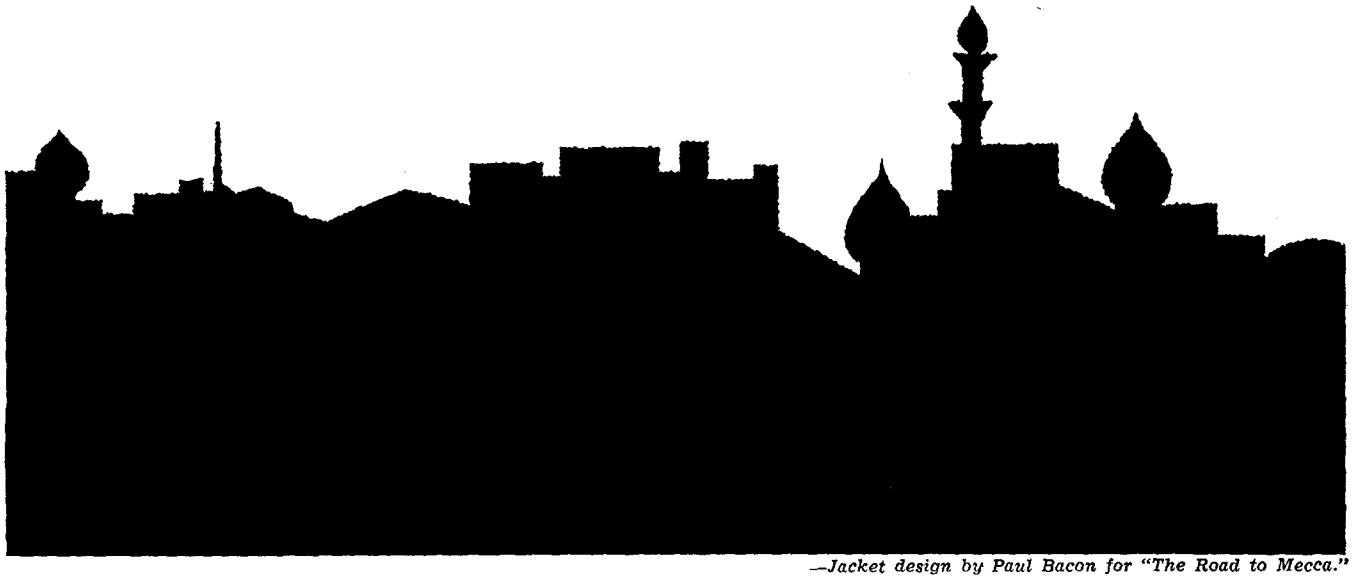
By Roi Ottley

NOT frequently are we given the opportunity to look deeply into the daily lives of the blacks in that unhappy country, South Africa. Nor are we often privileged to enter into the tumult of the black slums of Johannesburg, and see behind the masks of smiles, servility—and, indeed, brutality.

South Africa born and reared, Peter Abrahams, whose novels, "Path of Thunder" and "Wild Conquest," attracted attention in this country, recounts the story of his first twenty-one years in "Tell Freedom." It is an extraordinary document, displaying the gifts of a talented journalist. For while he tells the bitter, yet often gay story of his early years, he has also mirrored life in this tragic land. Not since Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has there been such an enormous and detailed range of discriminating reporting as in this book.

When Abrahams was very young, he was sent to an aunt who lived in a "location" outside a Boer village. There, one melancholy day, he was beaten into the violent realization that he was black, something less than a man. He returned to Johannesburg and became a slum arab.

He was in his teens before he saw



—Jacket design by Paul Bacon for "The Road to Mecca."

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—Kukrinsky.

Mussolini—"disgruntled bourgeois."

his first book. A white girl read him a synopsis of "Othello"—and thus did he discover the triumphant world of books. But he was abysmally poor, and compulsory schooling was for whites only. Nevertheless, through exhausting struggle he gained a rudimentary education, and today has recognition as a poet and novelist both in England and the United States.

As Lewis Gannett once observed, to read Peter Abrahams is to be haunted by the feeling that he is writing about our own problems. Indeed, I noted a striking parallel between his book and "The Pecking Order," by Mark Kennedy, which was an unusual excursion into the Negro slum of Chicago by a sensitive boy. Both were concerned with racial conflicts, both emphasized the excruciating poverty, and both documented the sterility of "white" societies.

Luckily, Peter Abrahams met white people who were sympathetic and extended a helping hand. Consequently, he confesses, the experience made a straight "all-blacks-are-good, all-whites-are-bad" attitude impossible. But he did reach a point where even the gestures of white friends were suspect; perhaps a pent-up bitterness and anger had consumed him.

In any case, he warns, one day the white people of South Africa may have to reckon with the blacks of South Africa. One day their sons and daughters may have to face the wrath of these embittered people. The two million whites cannot forever be overlords of the ten million non-whites. One day they may have to submit to the same judgment of force they have invoked in dealing with blacks. "For submission can be subtle," he says. "A man can submit today in order to resist tomorrow!"

Recreations of a Fatso

"Mussolini: The Intimate Life of a Demagogue," by Paolo Monelli *(translated by Brigid Maxwell. Vanguard Press. 304 pp. $4), is a serious, carefully researched biography that does, however, live up to the promise made in the subtitle. Below it is reviewed by René Albrecht-Carrié, associate professor of history at Barnard College, author of "Italy from Napoleon to Mussolini" and other volumes.*

By René Albrecht-Carrié

It is a pity that the sense of the Italian title of Paolo Monelli's "Mussolini, piccolo borghese" was not retained in the American edition, "Mussolini: The Intimate Life of a Demagogue," for the former is a perfect definition of its central theme. Mussolini, according to Monelli, was not the man of the people that his propaganda found it useful to build up, but essentially a disgruntled *petit bourgeois* whose family had descended in the social scale. As in the case of Hitler, the immediate antecedents of Mussolini were humble enough; both men vented their dissatisfaction by violently upsetting the society in which they found themselves.

Being a revolutionary socialist, addicted to violent language and, later on, the Fascist Duce, served equally well as a means of expression for Mussolini's discontent. Monelli might have stressed the point more, for it gives consistency to what may otherwise appear a contradictory, indecisive personality. Monelli does make much of the indecisiveness in Mussolini's character; whether at the time of the march on Rome, or after the Matteotti murder, Mussolini had to be pushed by some of his more resolute lieutenants into taking a definite course and adhering to it; just before entering the war in June 1940 and during the war itself he was forever torn by his inability to take a firm position, blown hither and yon by every shifting wind and the influence of the last person who had spoken to him, venting his spleen in turn on the Germans, his own generals, the "effete" bourgeoisie, the whole "degenerate" Italian people.

This raises two interesting questions that deserve deeper probing than Monelli gives them. Mussolini's emotions seem to have been more violent than deep and his mind a more developed organ than his heart; he was boastful and vain, childishly proud, for instance, of his less than perfect linguistic accomplishments. But what part did intelligence play in his make-up? His intelligence was an important factor in making him the dominant personality he was. Monelli's statement that "for one timid by nature, he was capable of intimidating the people around him, even the most courageous and most sure of themselves, in the most extraordinary way" instead of explaining, begs for explanation. Just as lacking is any analysis of Mussolini's deterioration. Monelli mentions and depicts his deterioration in its physical and physiological aspects but he lets pass an excellent occasion to observe the deleterious effect of power, unchecked power in particular.

Monelli's primary aim in this volume is to provide biography, but, as he recognizes, it is impossible in a life story of the Italian dictator to avoid getting involved in a consideration of Italian, especially foreign, policy. It is well to remember that, for the major part of the interval between the two world wars, Italian foreign policy under the Fascist sign continued to be essentially what it had been earlier: devoted to the maintenance, or restoration, of the European balance of power as the condition most favorable to the furtherance of the national interest. After the Abyssinian episode, itself a somewhat irresponsible gamble, one may speak of deterioration in the sense that Mussolini lost the sense of measure.

As TO the "intimate" part of the American title of the book, Monelli does it full justice. Mussolini's relations with the fair sex were numerous, but hardly calculated to justify Pascal's quip that if Cleopatra's nose had been longer the course of history would have been other. Mussolini's view of women was the one not uncommon in Italy that their chief function is biological. Usually abrupt and brutal, he did manage a redeeming attachment to Clara Petacci, who shared his final fate and of whom a rather attractive portrait is drawn.

The book is well written, based on much conscientious study and research that put it in the category of serious and useful works of biography and history.

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FICTION

Cattle for the Couch

From more than thirty Western stories published during the past several months Seth Agnew has selected a half-dozen that he believes deserve the attention of SR *readers.*

By Seth Agnew

THE standard "Western" used to chronicle a sort of cow-country Never-Never Land where it was sheriff against road agents, cowboys against rustlers, good guys against bad ones, six-guns flaming, all riding madly that-a-way towards the happy ending. This is the kind of Western which still flickers crepuscular derring-do in the intervals between televised cartoons extolling breakfast cereals; which forms a staple of the Saturday double feature and of the newsstand comic book.

This is the kind of Western which, it gives me pleasure to record, is vanishing like the longhorn. Today's range cattle are better built, with more meat on their bones. Today's Westerns are better written, with more of the substance and flavor of the stormy, tumultuous settlement of the American West. The emphasis may still be on adventure and action, but the old cliches of plot and writing, the old stereotypes of hero and villain and virtue invincible are giving way to craftsmanship and historical research.

During the past season there have been some half dozen new novels of the West which seem to me good stories, well told, of the not-so-distant days of the pioneers, the cattlemen, the miners, the homesteaders, the Indians.

While the years after the Civil War were prosperous ones for many cattlemen as the bawling herds spread out across the grazing lands, the same railroads that brought prosperity by opening up the Eastern markets to the stockmen also brought an end to unlimited grazing by opening up the Western lands to the homesteaders. The life of the homesteader was not an easy one; the new land, with its harsh winters, its dust storms, its parching summers, extended no warmer welcome than the ranchers on whose grazing lands the settlers staked out their claims, than the Indians whose country it was by tradition. It is hardly surprising that not all of the nesters stayed to prove up, but enough did to settle the West, to start farms and small ranches, to people towns, to make a new way of life.

"Prairie Guns," by Ernest Haycox (Little, Brown, $2.50), suffers from a title only slightly less misleading than its subtitle, "stories of pursuit and danger on the plains of the pioneer West." For these are stories of the homesteaders and the townspeople and the small ranchers. Very good stories they are, too, for the late Mr. Haycox was a top-flight storyteller. There is "Lady Out West," a tale of Cary Kittredge who stuck by her homestead despite unfriendly neighbors who were sure she was too much a lady to be a Westerner. There is "The Land That Women Hate," in which mother and daughter see life differently on a dusty, windswept ranch. There is "Free Land," where a cattleman wins a peaceful settlement with a belligerent sodbuster who has claimed his spring. The collection makes a vivid panorama of frontier life.

More melodramatic, but also convincing, is **"Saddle the Storm,"** by Harry Whittington (Gold Medal, paperbound, 25¢). To the Fourth of July celebrations at Malpais come Cay Elliot and his wife, Adiam, for their first trip away from the homestead in many long, harsh months, for their first trip to town since their marriage. The boisterous celebration of the holiday, the gaiety of the parties, the excitement of the rodeo, the macabre tragedy of a lynching make a gaudy picture of a Western town on a spree. In the frenzy, Cay and Adiam find their marriage tested, and they return to the homestead with new courage to face the hardships of their life and new understanding of each other. It is melodrama, yes, but effectively done.

As the homesteaders claimed the land which once had been open range for cattle, the cattlemen often found that the lands which were left to them were overstocked—or would be overstocked if their herds grew to the size that would satisfy their ambitions. One solution, if ambition was strong enough to overcome scruples, was to move in on some neighboring rancher's range. Or perhaps to scare off the homesteaders and buy up their claims. When ruthless ambition went too far, the end was often a range war.

"THE Fourth Horseman," by Will Henry (Random House, $2.75), is a story of such a range war. Like Montana's Johnson County war, like New Mexico's Lincoln County war, Mr. Henry's Peaceful Basin war is a fight to the finish in which neither side wins and both sides lose. Into the Basin comes Frank Rachel, a man with a shadowed past. He tries to settle down as a horse rancher, holding aloof from the trouble which is coming to the Basin. But when the war comes he is inevitably drawn into the fight and brings it to its bloody end. Mr. Henry can occasionally overdo the notes of doom and destruction; but his characters and his creation of the Basin life are thoroughly convincing, and his range war is tough and fast-moving.

More standard fare is **"Smoky Valley,"** by Donald Hamilton (Dell, paperbound, 25¢). John Parrish had come West after the war to regain his health. He made his ranch pay and kept out of the valley politics. The neighbors resented his aloofness and the fact that he did not carry a gun; some of them made the mistake of underestimating him. When the fight to control the range was forced upon him he fought back with a fierceness and efficiency which made them revise their estimates. This one comes nearer to the old pattern, but there are good pace and characterization.

While some went West to make their livings from cattle or out of the land, others found their fortunes in the ore lodes of the mountains. Boom towns sprang up and as suddenly died. Fabulously rich veins pinched out into nothing, and today's millionaire tomorrow was back to chipping rocks in search of a new strike. Silver, gold, copper—these could spell riches un-

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told, and a likely claim was something to fight and die for.

"Highgrader," by Hal G. Evarts (Popular Library, paperbound, 25¢), is a rousing tale of murder, forgery, and assorted skulduggery in connection with a mining claim. Little Terry Cavanaugh is claimed for adoption by his uncles, the unsavory Hayden brothers, after his father has been shot in the back. Dave Renick, Terry's guardian, refuses to give the boy up until he can discover who killed Terry's father and why the Haydens have taken such sudden interest in him. There is plenty of action here, and plenty of feel for the raucous vitality of a mining boom town.

Of course, all this new land into which the cattlemen, the prospectors, the homesteaders were moving was, if only by prior settlement, Indian country. The white men, however, did not see it that way, and for several bloody decades the Army went about its task of "protecting" the white men by rounding up the Indians and sending them to reservations. The Indian resistance was fierce, spirited, and hopeless.

"Arrow in the Moon," by John and Margaret Harris (Morrow, $3.50), is a story of the Northern plains in the 1870's. It is in part the story of an Easterner, Jim Macklin, learning the ways of the West and his efforts to build a ranch. But it is also the story of Dull Knife and his band of Cheyennes who fought their way north from their reservation in the Indian Territory in a vain attempt to return to their traditional lands. Captured by the Army, the tribe is ordered to return to the Southern reservation. In desperation, the Cheyennes try to escape, and when the break comes Macklin has his role to play. While the story of Macklin is rather pedestrian, the Harrises have vividly evoked the tragedy and the heroism of Dull Knife and his tribe.

These six books are a sampling of more than thirty which have been published in the past three months. They are good stories and make good reading. More than that, they are good historical novels which call up stirring pages from our past.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. William Wordsworth. 2. G. Martinez-Sierra. 3. J. B. Priestley. 4. T. S. Eliot. 5. Edward C. Sackville-West. 6. Percy Bysshe Shelley. 7. Stuart Cloete. 8. André Gide. 9. James Joyce. 10. Fannie Hurst. 11. Witter Bynner. 12. Dorothy Parker. 13. Sydney Dobell. 14. Adelaide Procter. 15. Aldous Huxley. 16. Leo Tolstoy. 17. Don Appell. 18. Nelson Hayes. 19. J. D. Scott. 20. John Galsworthy.

—SR drawing by Doug Anderson.

The Maternal Cannibal

***"Sidestreet," by Robert O. Bowen** (Alfred A. Knopf. 212 pp. $3), is about Edna Roberts, who was confident that what she believed was unquestionably right, and of the lives she blighted as a result of the conviction.*

By Durham Curtis

THE side street from which one of the most horrifying women in contemporary literature comes is "a good street. . . . No one along it spoke any language but English. . . . The street was apart from the world, calm, secure." Here, with her nondescript parents, Edna Roberts, "heroine" of Robert O. Bowen's novel "Sidestreet" began to develop her assurance that the little she thought and felt was unquestionably right, to acquire a reputation for depth because she lacked mirth, for propriety because she lacked the capacity for affection.

She is married by Bill Gavin, a truck driver she calls William, accepts his marital advances with detached repugnance, delights in his departure for World War I because it frees her from his presence and enhances her prestige on Side Street. The physicalness of having his baby makes her avoid the Catholic Church she belonged to because the word womb in "Hail Mary" seems to her "like an obscene hand." The return of her husband, "brutalized" by the war, does not prevent her from raising her son as though he had no father and as though the outside world did not exist. Her husband lives with her like a boarder, takes to drink, intermittently tries to reform himself and prevent Edna from making his son become a sissy. But Bill never gets the upper hand in anything, though he disturbs his wife sufficiently so that she murders him (very efficiently). After the murder, which is never detected, she thinks, "I was very patient . . . much too patient."

Her time after this is given over altogether to ruining William, Jr., who is never called Bill. She prevents his accepting a fellowship to Harvard, keeps him by her though he increasingly grows to wish her dead. He partially relieves his aggressive feelings by marrying Pearl (with whom he has no sexual contact) and by later becoming an exhibitionist and getting sent to an institution. But Edna is not affected. She takes up the new career of ruining Pearl's illegitimate child, training her to stay on a side-street where nothing of reality can penetrate.

ONCE you've finished "Sidestreet" you find it difficult to believe in Edna, but while you read you do. Mr. Bowen is a master at introducing the little details that convince more than extended psychological explanations. His admirably compact narrative hurries from chapter to chapter without allowing you to suspend belief. And you end up wondering whether it matters very much whether Ednas exist or not. By exaggeration Mr. Bowen drives home what is nearly true of all of us: we fancy ourselves and our prejudices central in the universe; we prefer to avoid the intrusion of any reality that makes us doubt the omniscience of our side street. Though Mr. Bowen sometimes hurts his narrative by too heavily ironic statements of his bitterness against the Ednas of the world and never explains adequately why the Bill Gavins marry them, "Sidestreet," his third novel, is good in itself and shows that he has the ability to write even better fiction that he has so far.

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Peace at a Price

"A Long Time Since Morning," by Leon Odell Griffith *(Random House. 243 pp. $3), is the story of a young Yankee newspaper editor who tries to find a place for himself in a small Florida town.*

By James Kelly

SOME first novels impress with their promise; others with their mimicry. Aside from customary autobiographical origins of first-time authors, the primary point of difference for the constant reader lies in the number of fresh observations and insights gathered along familiar paths. And a second variant has to do with the manner of the telling. Shall it be after Faulkner, Cabell, Wolfe, Welty, Capote—or along frankly experimental lines? Publishers like to steer such things since they know what is likely to win fastest acceptance in these days of hard-to-sell.

For there are important fashions in fiction, too, and a stimulating young Floridian named Leon Odell Griffith seems to have measured them. In "A Long Time Since Morning" he adds grace notes and arpeggios to a well-worn theme: the Yankee newspaperman in conflict with the shifting loyalties and vague traditions of a seedy Southern town. He suggests the mood, if not the power, of certain writing people in the belt between Yoknapatawpha County and the Ocala yearling territory.

What results is an uneven but readable report of a Florida Gulf community with standard Deep Souf' characters and smoldering conflicts—beginning and ending, of course, with the racial one. Mr. Griffith is at his best in the sharp character cameos and descriptive passages. He knows his people and forgives them their human weakness. Once he warms up (after the first hundred pages or so), certain scenes come through in full force: the ferocious sheriff as he brutalizes a Negro prisoner; the rich banker lecturing a lazy farmer; the private agonies of a virginal, forsaken old spinster; the heavy jocularity of a men's civic club luncheon. For all its "promise" and realization, though, the novel will remain for many readers just an interesting small-town still-life in which figures are caught in careful needlepoint. There's not much plot inevitability or movement except as the respectful author explains it from time to time.

"Part of Creighton (Fla.) is good and part of it is bad as the world is good and bad; and you cannot separate the good from the bad without destroying Creighton or the world and you cannot finger the knot of it all without losing the world, the town, and a being, yourself." This is what Hugh Lee learns during the course of the single day covered by the novel. Lee is the damyankee, the stranger who has married a Creighton girl and edits the Creighton newspaper. He will not fit his principles to the town's social code despite pressure upon his paper and persecution of the Negro who works for him. Unyielding, sometimes unthinking, he manages during the day to destroy cordial relations with Luke Lott, the feudal, horny-handed banker who is awed by social position, and with Sheriff McSwain, somnolent mastiff of a man who tempers his violence with politics.

L. O. Griffith—"all the realities."

WIFE, career, and human dignity are all rejected by Lee until, in the midst of checking the wrongdoing of others, he is taught by the suicide of a lonely woman and the frenzied murder of a father by his half-breed son that there are not enough principles to cover all the realities. In a melodramatic but moving climax, the young editor seems about to realize that he'll have to accept the rules of the world he lives in however imperfect. One senses at the end that he will make his peace—and probably be a better newspaperman because of it.

In "A Long Time Since Morning" Mr. Griffith has put together the observations and musings born of experience with towns like Creighton. Most readers will find his novel interesting; some will find it absorbing. One looks forward to the next performance, perhaps on a different stage.

Amer. Anthol.

"American Accent," edited by Elizabeth Abell *(Ballantine Books. 193 pp. Paperbound, 35¢), is a collection of fourteen short stories written by staff members of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, or by former students.*

By William Peden

ELIZABETH ABELL'S "Bread Loaf" collection of fourteen short stories, "American Accent," is, like Gaul, divided into three parts. The first two contain stories by authors who have been either staff members or fellows at Bread Loaf, the oldest writers' conference in America; the third consists of work by former students. With one or two exceptions, most of these stories have been published in American magazines (such as *Harper's, The New Yorker,* and the *Virginia Quarterly Review*): over half of them are by writers who deserve to be called distinguished. Little need be said here concerning the work of these established writers. It is nice to be able to pick up at a newsstand (for thirty-five cents) a book containing Wallace Stegner's "The Blue-Winged Teal" (the merit of this story won it a first prize in the O. Henry Awards a few years back; it is as good in 1954 as it was thought to be then), or Warren Beck's sensitive and satisfying "Shadow of Turning," or two very disturbing stories by two of our best women writers, "A Domestic Dilemma" and "The Sorcerer's Son," by Carson McCullers and Josephine Johnson, respectively.

Among the work of lesser-known or younger authors, I was delighted with Richard Wilbur's "A Game of Catch," which originally appeared in *The New Yorker.* Mr. Wilbur is a talented young poet with two volumes of verse behind him; this, however, was his first published short story. A sharply etched picture of a few moments—terrifying moments, in their way—in what began as a simple game involving three young boys, "A Game of Catch" is so well done, seemingly so effortlessly and so economically, that one wonders why it hadn't been done before. Ruth Goodwin's "Going Home," a sympathetic portrayal of a very youthful marriage, is perhaps the best hitherto-unpublished story in the present collection.

As editor, Miss Abell has done a competent piece of work, although I found "American Accent" less satisfying than her earlier collaborations

(Continued on page 39)

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WRITERS AND WRITING

Cosmopolitan Britannia

"The Golden Horizon," edited by Cyril Connolly *(British Book Centre. 596 pp. $5.50), is an anthology of some of the better things published in Britain's late and lamented literary monthly,* Horizon, *chosen by its editor.*

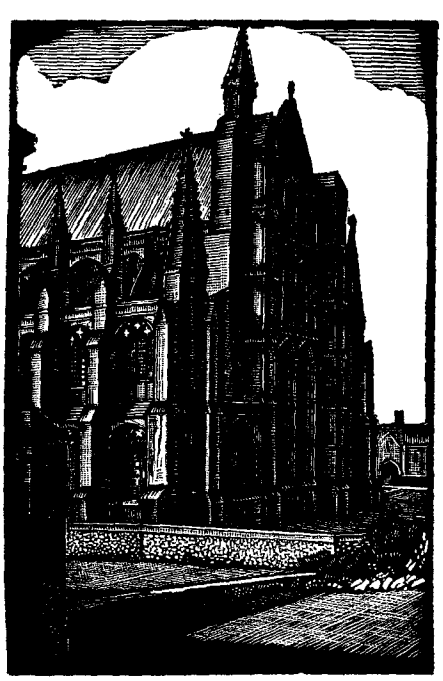
By Harvey Curtis Webster

AS ANYONE who has read the world's most widely circulated journal, *News of the World,* realizes, there are millions of Englishmen who devote their stupidity to reading the worst that has been thought and said in the world. But there has always been a persistent minority that has kept alive a tradition that encourages and protects the individual talent. Nowhere else in the world is the intelligent minority more privileged. BBC's Third Programme, such weekly magazines as *The Spectator* and *The New Statesman and Nation,* British publishers who keep in print the best writing of the present and the past, Penguin Books, the English scholarship system, British adult education, little magazines like *The Little Review, The Criterion, New Writing, Horizon, Encounter* make available the best to anyone who cares for it.

Remembering the provincialism about which Arnold complained, it is astonishing how catholic and cosmopolitan the culture of England is today. Turn your dial to the Third Programme and you may hear in six hours some Bartok, some Palestrina, a Strindberg play, a reading by Eliot, Gilbert Murray talking about a Greek play that will be presented the following evening. The intelligent minority makes contemporary the past, is as interested in American and French as in British art, abolishes space and time with a grace so natural it cannot stop to admire itself. If you believe this is anglophilism, please reserve judgment until you have read "The Golden Horizon," Cyril Connolly's selection of six hundred pages from the ten thousand *Horizons* published between Christmas 1939 and New Year's 1950.

There are well-informed, readable pieces on Flaubert, Leopardi, Horace, Tolstoy, James, St. John of the Cross, and Italo Svevo written by French, American, and English critics. Among the poets represented are Hoelderlin, Octavio Paz, Marianne Moore, Randall Jarrell, E. E. Cummings, Eluard, and Valéry. The prose includes a translation from eighteenth-century Chinese, a story by Alberto Moravia, a short autobiography by Herman Hesse (delightfully ironic), an inscription by Croce, a story by Paul Goodman. There are excellent stories, poems, and essays by the young and unknown as well as by the old and well-known—few of them available elsewhere. Inevitably there are variations in quality but the general level is high. Most of the writers say something illuminating entertainingly; very few write ponderously or superciliously.

"THE Golden Horizon" begins with "*Horizon*'s History of the War." Perhaps better than anything that follows it represents the unusual sanity of Cyril Connolly, whose opening editorial stated, "Our standards are esthetic and our politics are in abeyance." Never is there any jingoism or hysteria. Even in the horrifying and vivid account of a concentration camp and in Stephen Spender's sensitive accounts of visits to Germany before and after Hitler, the emphasis is upon understanding how and why. There is moral indignation but it is always controlled and tempered by the knowledge that guilt is too complicated to be attributed solely to the enemy. Many of the fine poems, "reports," and stories cannot be mentioned specifically, but no one can afford to avoid C. Day Lewis's "Dedicatory Stanzas" ("Where are the war poets? the fools inquire/Spain was a death to us, Munich a mourning"), Arthur Waley's "Censorship," George Orwell on "Wells, Hitler, and the World State," *Horizon*'s "Twenty Questions," William Sansom's "Building Alive," or Bertrand Russell's "The Outlook for Mankind."



Section Two, "Entertainments," do what they promise. Particularly mentionable—apart from the story from eighteenth-century China and Herman Hesse's "A Life in Brief" I mentioned earlier—are R. C. Trevelyan's "Simple Pleasures," about sensual pleasures that aren't sexual, Maurice Richardson's "Way Out in the Continuum," Antonia White's "The Moment of Truth," and James Lord's "The Boy Who Wrote No." Mr. Richardson's brief not-Utopian story, of the days that might come when one swears by Marx and by Engels, is nearly as good as E. M. Forster's "The Machine Stops." (Forster, along with a lot of other "names," does not appear in the anthology though he did in *Horizon.*) Both Miss White's and Mr. Lord's stories belong to the currently fashionable category of tales of neurosis, but there's nothing hackneyed about them and they illuminate "normal" behavior as inferior examples of this genre do not.

Section Three, rather tastelessly called "Glimpses of Greatness," isn't too good about those who are great; still, there is excellence here too. "Unamuno's Last Lecture," about his speech against totalitarianism before some cowardly professors and Franco's wife, Hodin's "Memories of Franz Kafka" (as good a piece as I've seen), Eliot's expert irony prompted by a London *Times* obituary against Joyce, and Denton Welch's report of Walter Sickert's dancing and roaring are as memorable as some of the other glimpses are not (though they're not bad reading, any of them).

CONNOLLY'S personal selections, comprising Section Four, are difficult to judge if you haven't read or don't remember every issue of *Horizon.* The Auden choices seem designed to show how mediocre a great poet can be; the Spender is inferior, too. But there is first-rate poetry by Empson,

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there is first-rate poetry by Empson, Cummings, Laurie Lee (too little known), MacNeice, Rexroth, and Edith Sitwell. Also two of Dylan Thomas's best: "Fern Hill" and "A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London." The last section, "A Prospect of Literature," I've mentioned and praised earlier.

But and nevertheless the remarkable thing is that so much is so good. Probably there is not as much "great" writing in "The Golden Horizon" as there might be in a comparable American or French anthology, especially since some of the most distinguished contributors were excluded because of their availability elsewhere. But the important point is that almost everything in Mr. Connolly's anthology is that greatest of mere things, entertaining, and that "The Golden Horizon" shows that England has a culture that could nurture greatness (it has even within the past twenty years). Catholicity, cosmopolitanism, time, and space abolished, created, and made present —these are more significant characteristics of England today than its decline as a world power. Out of such "decadence" may come a renaissance of sane eloquence more appropriate to our age than the exuberance that characterized the times of Elizabeth the First.

One Man's Gallery

"Portraits," by Desmond MacCarthy *(Oxford University Press. 293 pp. $3.50), is a collection of essays from the pen of the distinguished British literary critic who died two years ago, first published in England two decades ago and now available for the first time in this country. Here it is reviewed by Maurice Dolbier, literary editor of the* Providence Journal.

By Maurice Dolbier

I OFTEN read Desmond MacCarthy. One reason why I turn to him is that he writes to give me pleasure. How few modern authors do! They write to do us good, to expose us, to scold us, to teach us, to express their contempt for us, to exhibit their own indomitable minds; few write to entertain and delight us. (I am not thinking, of course, of the tripe sellers.)

If you have read thus far, you have succumbed to the lure by which Sir Desmond led readers, to their delight and profit, into his essays and critical articles, for this opening (with the exception of the author's name) is the first paragraph of his portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. Its words are apt when used in relation to MacCarthy himself; so are the words he wrote of Walter Raleigh—"a book-minded man with the enthusiasms of an active one; a born expounder and praiser of authors"—and of Izaak Walton—"he was not a man of Olympian calm, neither was he detached; yet thanks to this wholeness, this perpetual agreement of himself with himself, he enjoyed to the last that cheerful and kindly serenity which we catch from him while we read him."

"Portraits" (now published for the first time in America, although it made its English appearance over twenty years ago) was the initial volume in a series of selections from MacCarthy's literary and dramatic criticisms written for press and periodicals over a span of thirty-odd years—selections made by Logan Pearsall Smith because, as MacCarthy ruefully admitted in a preface addressed to his younger self, aged twenty-two, "I found I had written more than I could read." There are thirty-four essays in this book, all of them attractive compounds of wit and discernment.

ALTHOUGH excerpts from his drama reviews (including the best criticisms ever written of Shaw's plays) appear in other volumes, this one indirectly but incontestably demonstrates Sir Desmond's love for the theatre and knowledge of its skills. Appropriately in an essay on Disraeli, he makes reference to "the theatre beneath my hat," and throughout the book scene follows scene on that lively stage. Some of them are historical, like the ones showing Gladstone, with irony and moral passion, rebuking his country's imperialism and complacency. Some of them are autobiographical: an afternoon with Conrad; a young hero-worshiper's visit to an aged, but still heroic, Meredith; conversational adventures with Henry James (at their first meeting, MacCarthy disastrously asked the novelist if he thought London beautiful, and was rewarded with a slow, profound, and uninterruptible "discourse upon London and the kind of appeal it made to the historic sense

To a U. S. Marine Who Knows All There Is to Know

By Merrill Moore, M. D.

BROTHER, I drink a toast to you in water,
Water that no lips have ever touched;
No matter how the universe is geared
Certain parts of it are gently clutched
In such a way that they are never spent
By malnutrition and brutality.

I know that when the world was flush you served
In the Marines; one summer in Tsingtao,
Then on to Shanghai, and at last Peking
Where you were in the elite Legation Guard.

Then the soft turned gently into hard;
Next your orders read: Corregidor.
Destiny so timed it that you fell
To be a portion of that living hell,
The Death March, where most of your comrades died,
Then on to Yokohama where the tide
Brought you flotsam that your fingers tried
To carve into an image you could use
To finalize your joy of liberation;
Now one atom in a boiling nation
That buys and sells but will never fully know
Your meager heaven and your abundant hells,
Incessant as the sound of ceaseless bells.

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even when it starved the esthetic, which I failed to follow; so dismayed was I at having, by my idiot's question, set his mind working at such a pitch of concentration on a topic indifferent to me"). Some are imaginary: a dialogue with George Moore; a fictional recreation of a day in Voltaire's life at Ferney ("Save me from my friends, O God, and I will deal with my enemies myself!"); and an intensely moving dream-encounter between the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" and one who left the Way to dwell in the house of Mr. Common Sense, not far from the Booths of Vanity Fair.

The Book Booths of Vanity Fair had no customer in Sir Desmond. He joined in no fashionable cheers for "a poet emerging from a header into his subconsciousness, glistening and triumphant with an old boot or fruit-can in his hand" or novelists "who have found out that it is a great deal easier to pour forth what may pass as a plausible stream of ideas going through an imaginary person's head than to make that person behave in a convincing and interesting manner." For him, psychology's place in fiction was subordinate to moral interest. He was no foe of literary experiment, no stodgy dragon guarding the gates of literature against the ambitious young (indeed, he provided young writers with critical encouragement and even financial assistance). But in a period when "a sense of the importance in art of qualities of intellect and feeling which we call by ethical names, magnanimity, nobility, disinterestedness, has become dim or confused" he worked steadily and brilliantly to clarify that sense.

When I look up and see the line of his books, the thought that it will grow no longer is not so distressing (he has expressed himself) as the thought that so many rare things in the world must now go without an appreciator, so many fine vibrations of life lose themselves in vacancy. (The closing words of this review are his, too—the last paragraph of his portrait of Henry James.)

Prodigal Son

By Witter Bynner

WHAT was given
Me by birth
Was not heaven,
It was earth.

Though some other
House be fine,
Strange old father,
This is mine.

Ideas in Our Time

"The Writer and His Craft" *(University of Michigan Press. 297 pp. $3), a volume that brings together the lectures delivered at the University of Michigan at the time of the annual awarding of Avery Hopwood prizes, offers a survey of the main trends in our literary life during the past two decades. Here it is reviewed by Maxwell Geismar, literary historian and critic, author of "Rebels and Ancestors" and other volumes.*

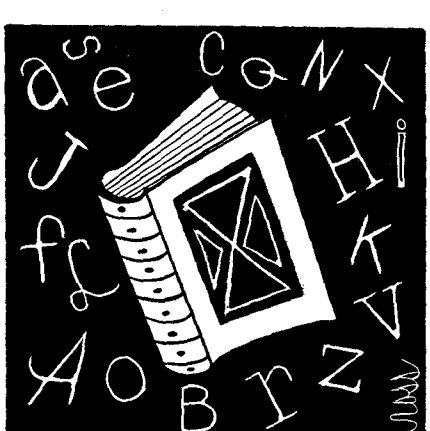
By Maxwell Geismar

I USUALLY approach volumes like "The Writer and His Craft: The Hopwood Lectures, 1932-1952" with a kind of morbid suspiciousness, only too often justified. But this collection is a distinct relief from others of its type; it is not only readable and useful, it is illuminating and valuable. The Avery Hopwood awards for creative writing at the University of Michigan are notable exceptions to the usual run of academic fellowships, as these lectures indicate. Among the recipients of the prizes have been Arthur Miller, John Ciardi, Maritta Wolff, and Betty Smith. Among the speakers at the yearly ceremonies, the emphasis has been on professional writers who take their craft seriously.

The result is that one gets from this volume an interesting survey of the main trends in our intellectual life during the last two decades. Robert Morss Lovett opens the series of talks with an eloquent plea for communication in the arts. Saying that "shared experience is the greatest of human goods," he combines John Dewey's pragmatism and Santayana's argument for animal faith in life. Max Eastman—the early Eastman, voluble but vital—stresses scientific method while he abuses the New Humanists of the 1930's and berates the "cult of unintelligibility" among the modernists. Henry Hazlitt adds an acute appraisal of what was to become the opposite pole of critical thought in a troubled decade: the Marxist critics and the propaganda novels.

The critics have long since recanted; the novels now seem wooden. Yet this decade of the 1930's, so much abused on every side today, was still a fruitful one for the main stream of our literature, which never succumbed to the polar violence that surrounded it. The early novels of Thomas Wolfe and John Steinbeck—a far cry from "Sweet Thursday"—and the high period of William Faulkner's work are mentioned in many of the Hopwood lectures. Again, Henry Seidel Canby stresses the democratic, equalitarian, and individualistic nature of our national literature. Even in the 1940's, when the New Critics, conservative, formalistic, authoritarian, took over the literary battleground in a revised version of the New Humanism, there were dissenting opinions. Among the others, Louise Bogan has always been a favorite critic of mine, perhaps because she is one of the modern poets in whom I feel a common strain of humanity. It is appropriate that the F. O. Matthiessen essay, written soon before his death in 1950, should stress the rise of a "new scholasticism" in modern criticism, and a "thin-lipped" textual analysis which omitted "the big questions about man in society."

MR. MATTHIESSEN is hardly urging a literature of political problems or even of social reform. He wants art that concerns itself with the whole range of contemporary life, and not just the obsessions or the foibles of a literary elite—or, in Auden's phrase, of "intellectuals without love." This is also, as it happens, the central and recurrent demand of all major literary criticism. But it is not often that a collection of very diverse essays is contained within such a solid framework of sensible ideas. Nor have I had time to mention interesting contributions to these Hopwood lectures by Christopher Morley, Carl Van Doren, John Crowe Ransom, and Norman Cousins, among others.



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Americans from Norseland

"Modern Sagas: The Story of the Icelanders in North America," by Thorstina Walters *(North Dakota Institute for Regional Studies, Fargo, N. D. 250 pp. $3.75), reports of the settlements of a hardy people on this continent and also gives some account of their origin in a rugged, northern land. Here it is reviewed by the distinguished explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson.*

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

"IN THIS graphically written and admirably organized volume," as Thorstina Walters's "Modern Sagas" is characterized by Allan Nevins, we have the story of the Icelanders on the mainland of North America through ten centuries, from the late tenth to the middle twentieth. The author does not play up what was the contention of our State Department, during the Administrations of Lincoln and Johnson under Seward, that Iceland itself "belongs to the Western hemisphere and is an insular dependency of the North American continent." Instead, she speaks as if Iceland were in Europe, as indeed many Icelanders contend it is.

"Modern Sagas" is in the main the story of Icelandic pioneering in the nineteenth-century development of the North American Middle West, but its first chapter reviews the first three centuries of contact, from 982 to 1342, beginning with the well-known stories of the exploration and colonization of Greenland, led by Erik the Red, and continuing to the still better-known discovery of the North American mainland by Erik's son Leif (pronounced Lave, to rhyme with Dave) in 1000 and the less often mentioned three years' exploration, and colonizing attempt, by the Icelanders and Greenlanders under the leadership of Thorfinn in 1003-06 or perhaps 1004-07. Thereafter the contacts of Iceland with the mainland were chiefly indirect, through the Scandinavian Greenlanders who fetched their house-building and ship-building timber from Labrador. The last recorded contact was in 1342, when a Greenland ship, returning from Labrador with timber, was driven by gales to Iceland.

The nineteenth- and twentieth-century relations between Iceland and North America, which are the main concern of Mrs. Walters, do not begin till the 1850's; for the Icelanders, who had been the first of all the Scandinavians to visit North America in the old days were, in the new, the last to become immigrants. The trailbreakers this time were not converts to Roman Christianity, as Leif was when he sailed from Norway with two missionaries for the conversion of the Greenlanders and found Wine Land; these were, instead, converts to Mormon Christianity who accompanied some Danish Mormons from Copenhagen in 1855 to join Brigham Young's march to Utah, the Icelanders settling at Spanish Fork. This Mormon phase is considered to have been over by 1860; and when the main westward movement started, a decade later, the Lutherans were the influential church and the migration, first to Wisconsin and Nova Scotia, turned in the main eventually toward Minnesota-Dakota in the States and toward Manitoba in Canada.

Two important figures of North American history were concerned in the Icelandic re-beginnings of which Mrs. Walters writes, Lord Dufferin as Governor General of Canada and General Grant as President of the United States. Dufferin led himself into it; Grant was led.

DUFFERIN'S belief that Icelanders would make good colonists for the treeless prairie rested on what he had seen in treeless Iceland during 1856, as told in his best seller, "Letters from High Latitudes"; so, as Governor General, he took a hand in steering Icelanders toward Manitoba. Grant, bewildered over a number of things during a troubled Administration, had on his hands the problem of what to do with Seward's Folly, as the Democrats called Russian America that had been purchased by the Republicans under Johnson. He was receptive, accordingly, when an Icelandic super-salesman named Jon Olafsson called to suggest that colonization by his landsmen could perhaps change Alaska from a liability to an asset. So, with Olafsson for leader, a committee of three visited Alaska aboard a warship. Despite a favorable report, the Government took no action.

—By Francis Jaques, for "Snowshoe Country" (Univ. of Minnesota Press).

The Icelanders who have since been to Alaska appear to have done well, on the average, but no better than the rest of the Scandinavians. They have shown no special fitness for treeless country, failing, in that, Dufferin's expectation and Grant's hope. So far at least as Mrs. Walters's showing goes, they have fulfilled better the implied prophecy of James Bryce, author of a respected book on the United States, "The American Commonwealth," who wrote of Iceland in another of his works, that of the three great literatures of pre-Renaissance Europe, the Icelandic ranks in quality above the Roman though below the Greek. The Icelanders were, when they copied down the eddas and wrote and composed the sagas, the most bookish of the Scandinavians, and this bent seems at least a plausible key to the success stories that Mrs. Walters, like nearly all writers on immigrants, tells in "Modern Sagas." For she can report on only one or two notable inventors, and the like with millionaires. Her success tales are chiefly of professors and scientists, of writers and politicians, of lawyers and judges. Only in the third and fourth generation are the Icelanders being Americanized into businessmen and baseball fans.

As Mr. Nevins implies in his introduction, "Modern Sagas" has a special interest among works on immigrants and immigration through dealing with considerably the smallest group that has its own distinct language. The Icelanders are so few that you feel as if a laboratory type of study were feasible—there are only about 150,000 of them in the Old Country and less than half that many in the United States and Canada.

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Northern Nomads

"The Way of the Four Winds," by Yrjö Kokko *(translated by Naomi Walford. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 286 pp. $5), offers a picture of life and the people in one of the world's cooler areas—Lapland.*

By Raymond Holden

FAR UP—indeed as far as man can go—in the northwest corner of Europe is a land inhabited by a people who have made and perfected a world and a life of their own. Not that the romantic life of the Lapps would seem perfect to the American or European who is wedded to a civilization of arguments, airplanes, and atoms. Yet for the Lapps their social and economic life is a perfect means of living in Lapland, a region which has no political existence and no apprehensible boundaries. It is a land of forest, mountain, and arctic prairie, located in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and the Soviet Union, most of it being as far north as the northernmost part of Alaska. Unlike the Eskimos of Northern Alaska, Canada, and Greenland, the Lapps are a civilized people who have not been and are apparently not being destroyed by civilization.

Yrjö Kokko, a Finn who spent some years in Lapland after the last war, knows and loves the wild region and its gently pagan, devoutly Christian people. In "The Way of the Four Winds," a fictional yet factual narrative, he has presented a beautiful, sensitive, and moving portrait of them. By keeping himself, as narrator, in the background and allowing his characters to speak for themselves, the pieces of the Lapp racial character fall together into a touching and memorable picture.

Mr. Kokko lets the reader see Lapp weakness and Lapp strength without obviously pointing to either defects or virtues.

Lapp society is based upon an equality both of labor and opportunity between men and women. Lapp economy may be summed up in one word—reindeer. Reindeer are the only form of wealth. Other than the tasks of daily living and moving from place to place, caring for the herds of deer is the only form of labor. Mr. Kokko uses individual characters to emphasize the nature and effect of the Lapp's nomadic existence. His people, never inflated or romanticized, speak well for themselves and will long be remembered. Yet because their emotions, as here portrayed, are often pure and tender it does not mean that the author holds up Lapp life as idyllic. He does not hesitate to show, where it exists, the violence, degradation, and brutality which are as much a part of Lapp character as they are of human character elsewhere. Yet the chief characteristic of "The Way of the Four Winds" is the sense of love and light which balances its bitterness and darkness.

The reader does not have to feel that he would like to spend his time in a smoky, none-too-fragrant Lapp tent in order to subscribe to Mr. Kokko's view of Lapland. He cannot put down this book, however, without feeling that he has been exhilarated by a visit to a beautiful land and a remarkable people, and he may be thankful to gather from the author's guidance during the visit that the peaceful nomads of the Scandinavian north are in no great danger of extinction. The war did not and their neighbors do not leave them entirely alone, but their sense of life and their sensitive response to nature give them an advantage which is likely to maintain them in their northern pastures for a very long time.

—*From "The Way of the Four Winds."*

Rare white reindeer—"Lapp economy may be summed up in one word—reindeer."

Rainless World

"Mountains in the Desert," by Louis Carl and Joseph Petit *(Doubleday. 318 pp. $3.95), chronicles the journey of two Frenchmen into a remote section of the Sahara Desert to photograph and record primitive rock carvings and paintings.*

By Giles Hubbard

TO MOST readers who have retained the school child's distaste for geography and fallen into the ill-advised habit of building a picture of the world out of pieces taken from fiction, the Sahara Desert is no doubt merely an uninhabitable, limitless level of drifting sand, with somewhere in the scene a member of the Foreign Legion astride a camel.

To such readers "Mountains in the Desert," the narrative of the French expedition of Carl and Petit may well seem incomprehensible. With two companions these earnest archeologists set out in 1949 from Algiers to find among the high mountains of Southern Algeria primitive rock carvings and paintings which had been seen by M. Coche's mission to that region in 1935. It was the purpose of the 1949 party to reproduce by photography and drawing as many of the designs as possible and to locate and map the sites of as yet undiscovered shelters where cave art might be found. Now, one does not get to the Tefedest Mountains by motor, train, or plane. Carl and Petit with their companions, a photographer and an artist, had to heap their equipment into borrowed trucks and then shift to camels when the trucks would take them no farther. Their greatest obstacles were not sand and heat but rocks over which it was almost impossible for a camel to climb and cold—resulting more than once in snow.

While the elevated region of the southern Sahara—in some places 9,000 feet above the sea—is not uninhabited, it does not produce enough to assure a very constant supply of food and drink for its scattered tribes and much less than enough for visitors. You can never tell whether the well you are planning for the site of your next bivouac will be wet or dry. The Carl-Petit expedition ran short of food and water but not of enthusiasm. Where they could not go on camels they went on donkeys. Where they could not go on donkeys they went on foot. By their careful reproduction of the prehistoric rock pictures of the Tefedest they have

(*Continued on page* 38)

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The Saturday Review

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The Novelist's Dread of Finality

FOR years Hervey Allen worked on "Anthony Adverse." At least half a dozen times his mound of manuscript approached a logical terminus in the story. But each time Allen veered away from the final chapter and kept on going. Finally his publisher exercised the necessary initiative, took the manuscript away, and committed it to print.

It wasn't easy to persuade Margaret Mitchell to part with the manuscript for "Gone With the Wind." It was four or five times longer than the average novel, but she still felt it was unfinished.

In Thomas Wolfe's mind all his books were part of a single work, and that one incomplete. The works that were issued to the public he was inclined to regard as packaged carvings from the whole. His approach was that of the author who had only one story to tell and one book to write and he was still doing it when he died.

At least two experiences are shared by every serious writer. The first is the yearning or determination to write his heart out in one Big Book, one that would fulfil itself and himself. The second is the dread of finality—as represented not only by the difficulty in knowing when a book is finished, but by his reluctance to part with it even after he has managed to end it. Theodore Dreiser had no distaste for publication; the reason he kept pecking away at his manuscripts long after they had actually become a literary whole was his dread of the big commitment. A novel is a prodigious experience for the writer. It is a possessing embryo which consumes the imagination and drains the mind. But it also nourishes and replenishes even as it seeks the materials for its own needs. Thus it becomes a process of growth and change for the novelist himself. And he hates to let it go, not only because of the painful joy of creative work, with its continuity and uninterrupted purpose, but because he feels what he has done can be made better and he does not want it ever to get beyond reach.

SIX years ago Ira Wolfert published "An Act of Love." Before that he had written some fiction. His chief distinction, however, had been as Pulitzer Prize war correspondent and author who was highly regarded for the careful strength and craftsmanship of his writing. It was clear that "An Act of Love" was to be his big book. Into it he had put everything he had learned and felt as a war correspondent who had seen almost too much for one man to digest. In the book he posed the eternal human questions against the background of his own experience. He did this through the highly dramatic story of a Navy flier who was washed ashore on one of the Solomon Islands after a half-dozen flirtations with death. The flier is rescued by members of a local tribe. Among the few white inhabitants of the island are a self-exiled American planter, his wife, and their attractive daughter. The war comes to the island, which gives Wolfert a chance to deal with society as the great pursuer, destroying the prospect even of accidental escape. The struggle of a man to find the best in himself is thus juxtaposed against the world at its worst.

"An Act of Love" was more than a fair success as a published novel, but it apparently failed to provide catharsis for the author. The story and its meaning still grew inside him, and the published book became a partial product. And the old questions came up: what happens after publication day? Does the author cease to exist? Has he been totally consumed by his own creativity? Is he supposed to create another big book out of materials that couldn't possibly be as powerful as the ones that became dominant in his life and mind? If the reception to the book is not as big as his conception of it should the author make the adjustment to a lowered station? Should he seek or synthesize for himself the potential solace of eventual recognition for his novel in terms commensurate with his emotional investment in it? Or should he coast as a novelist, recasting or re-angling his old material, hoping that new disguises will somehow bring out the old beauty?

These are the eternal and punishing questions for the novelist. And these are the questions that lie deep behind the reluctance to part with the manuscript of what the writer hopes will be his big book. Wolfert was unwilling to create new disguises. In the months and years after the book appeared his ideas about the novel continued to develop and mature. In this case, he decided to contest the idea of finality. He had learned some things about the techniques of the novel since his book first appeared; he had thought deeply about ways in which the same story might be more dramatically presented; and he asked his publisher for another chance: The book would carry the same title. Readers would be told exactly what had happened.

To the credit of Simon and Schuster, Wolfert was given the chance to do what almost every serious novelist who ever lived has dreamed of being able to do: to give added growth and dimension to a book apparently beyond reach. What is important here is not whether or not the retold version of this particular book is better than the first. It does happen to be better—much better; but the achievement here goes beyond "An Act of Love." The achievement is demonstrated by a courageous belief, both by novelist and publisher, in the essentials of a writer's growth. Apart from this, it is altogether a novel approach to the novel. Is Hemingway satisfied with "A Farewell to Arms"? In the light of his own development how would he like to refashion or retell the story today? What about the earlier works of Steinbeck, Faulkner, Thomas Mann, Dos Passos?

It may be argued, of course, that we are apt to get into a literally hall of mirrors, for there is no assurance that the authors may not wish a third, fourth, or fifth try. Whatever the risk, it may be worth it. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ART UNDER A DICTATORSHIP

I would like to take issue on five points with Sibyl Moholy-Nagy's review of "Art Under a Dictatorship," by Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt [*SR* June 19].

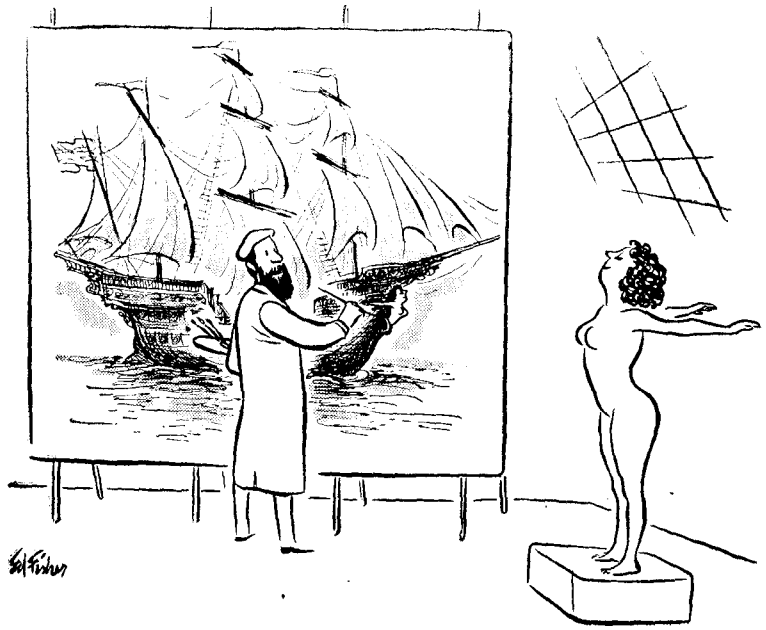
1) On the basis of "admiring reports on German art and architecture, equaling and often surpassing what is done elsewhere in Europe," the reviewer doubts the author's premise that "irreparable damage is done to a people by a dictatorship." I am inclined to agree with Professor Lehmann-Haupt. While there is much painting, sculpturing, and building going on in the Bonn Republic, little of it is original or outstanding as I could note on several postwar trips through Western Germany. Although the few great artists and architects who lived through the Nazi hell (Hofer, Dix, Sintenis, and others) are now able to work and teach without restriction, they are all past sixty. The younger German artists who were in their formative years at the time of the Götterdämmerung have just now caught up with the art (Klee, Picasso, Chagall, etc.) that had been withheld from them by the dictatorship. They are now busy imitating the major Surrealist and Abstract masters. Italy's current vital contribution to the arts became possible because, as Lehmann-Haupt pointed out in his book, there was "very little, if any, direct destruction or persecution of modern art" in Mussolini's Fascist state.

2) The reviewer challenges Lehmann-Haupt's assertion that the plight of the arts under the Nazi dictatorship was unprecedented. Bad as conditions often were for artists in the feudal German states, and in the German Empire of 1871, there were no concentration camps in which unpopular artists could be confined, and there was no wanton destruction of works of art held undesirable.

3) "Neither Goering's luscious nudes nor the sentimental heroism of Hitler's favorite paintings would look out of place in the Encylopedia Britannica art collection, etc." Does Sibyl Moholy-Nagy, perhaps, refer to Professor Ziegler's nudes, so obviously pornographic that they were—clandestinely, of course—referred to as "masturbation pieces," or to the ludicrous picture of Hitler in the armor of a medieval knight?

4) Hitler "gave work to a multitude of sculptors and painters." Perhaps he did—but not to the sculptor Barlach, who died brokenhearted in enforced isolation, or to Kirchner, who, in desperation, committed suicide. Hitler's favorites were complete nonentities, who tried to blend the art of ancient Greece with that of the Dürer period.

5) "Genius is inviolate . . . art did not fare badly under the Hitler regime, because in its purest form it cannot be polluted by any dictatorship." I have mentioned the fates of Barlach and Kirchner. Others, like Max Beckmann, Heinrich Campendonk, the American-born Lionel Feininger, George Grosz,



Paul Klee, Otto Kokoschka, Ludwig Meidner, Richard Seewald, had to emigrate to escape persecution. Of those who remained, Otto Dix, Karl Hofer, Emil Nolde, Max Pechstein, Christian Rohlfs, Karl Schmitt-Rottluff, all first-rate masters, went underground and worked in secrecy. They produced only tiny sketches and small clay models, easy to conceal from a Gestapo inspection.

ALFRED WERNER.

New York, N.Y.

MRS. MOHOLY-NAGY REPLIES

ALFRED WERNER'S OBJECTIONS to my review of the Lehmann-Haupt book are based on the premise that I do not only apologize for the Hitler regime but imply that art had a fine time. Any careful reader of my review will know that I was very far from making any such contention. As a volunteer refugee, no one knows better than I how intolerable life had become for the creative person of integrity. All I wanted to make were these two points, which I still find completely valid: (1) "Art Under a Dictatorship" is a misnomer that generalizes about methods and results that fitted only *one* dictatorship, namely that of Adolf Hitler; and that the preferences displayed by this particular dictator (neoclassicism, social realism, romanticism, and a touch of pornography) have been the preferences of as many non-dictators as one can wish to find. (2) Although the really great artists of the Weimar Republic suffered grievously, they either had the strength and international reputation to emigrate, or they continued where they had left off after the holocaust, as Mr. Werner himself points out.

To answer briefly each of Mr. Werner's five points:

1) While Germany's leading artists today are over sixty, those of France (Picasso, Braque, Leger, Chagall, etc.) are in their seventies and eighties. Germany's leading abstractionists: Winter, Theodor Werner, Nay, and others would take violent issue with Alfred Werner at being called imitators. I dare Mr. Werner to show me a chronological ascendency in a genuine, honest-to-gosh spit-and-drip master! I am willing at any time to show him, say, a Soulages, a Klein, and a Hartung, done during the last ten years on different continents, and he will not be able to say who imitates whom.

2) If the examples of coercion under the Hohenzollerns are not sufficient for Mr. Werner, I would like to remind him of the hastily painted-over WPA murals in American public buildings, whose ideological symbols were no longer acceptable, and of the canceled traveling show, assembled at great cost by the State Department under the Truman Administration, which was not allowed to leave the country because it was too "radical."

3) Sure, it was ludicrous to paint Hitler in the armor of a medieval knight; but does Mr. Werner think Greenough's Washington, naked in a toga, was less funny?

4) My sentence that Hitler gave work to a multitude of artists should have had a modifying second part, namely, that his passionate love for art as he understood it was the absolutely only mitigating characteristic he possessed. In the same context I wanted to point out that the artists he employed would have done exactly the same sort of work, had the Weimar Republic let them. (Kirchner, by the way, had been living for many years in Switzerland when he committed suicide in an ideological desperation all of us felt in 1933.)

Point 5 was answered in my first paragraph.

In conclusion: I dislike generalizations, even if they have Hitler as an object.

SIBYL MOHOLY-NAGY.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Six Authors in Search of a Sponsor

MANY playwrights who work at the difficult business of making a living in the theatre look on TV stints as a kind of bonus paid for a temporary and painful experience. They will tell you that if they should get an idea good enough for a full-length play they would be foolish to use it up as a short TV playlet. They will also point out that the TV studio is unfamiliar territory, where unesthetic agency men, nervous producers, and personally ambitious directors hurriedly reshape scripts to the point where all that the poor playwright is able to recognize is his name on the list of credits at the end of the program. If he is philosophic the writer will figure that this was all they wanted in the first place and either leaves quietly or decides to write a scathing satire on TV in his next play.

However, there is at least one TV producer who has been working steadily towards a more sensible way of utilizing writers' talents. He is Fred Coe, supervisor of "Mr. Peepers" and the Philco-Goodyear Playhouse. In the latter program he has encouraged six writers to develop their talents in their own way and to work repeatedly with the same producer and directors so that there could be a continuity of collaborative effort. The results have not only made outstanding TV but the shows have been closer to what their authors intended than many a Broadway production.

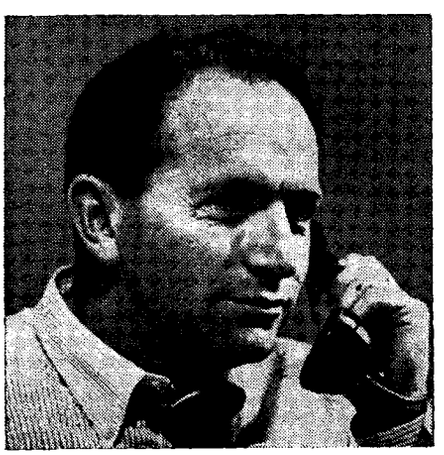
Now Mr. Coe has urged them to take a further step. They are forming an organization to be known as Playwrights 54, which will be the TV analogue of The Playwrights' Company, so well-known on Broadway for its distinguished productions. Playwrights 54 will package annually six half-hour TV shows by each writer thereby leaving the door open for an occasional outside script that could turn up a new talent whom they might take into their company. Because it does its own packaging the organization will be able to guarantee each writer more than $12,000 a year in one-performance TV royalties alone. But, more important, the subsidiary earnings of these scripts if sold to the movies, expanded to a play, or reperformed on TV, will be divided up among them. An additional feature of the operation will be a life insurance policy of $75,000 taken out on each member. Should an author die his estate would receive this sum and in turn all rights to the scripts he wrote for Playwrights 54 would revert to the company.

That there will be subsidiary rights seems most probable, for each member of the young group has already experienced considerable success outside the TV field. N. Richard Nash, a writer with a bent toward the symbolic and poetic, is the author of Broadway plays "The Young and the Fair" (1948) and "See the Jaguar" (1952). His "The Rainmaker," first a TV play on the hour-long Philco-Goodyear Playhouse, is scheduled to open in October with Geraldine Page in the leading role.

Horton Foote, who writes descriptive plays on small agrarian themes, is represented in the theatre by "The Chase" (1952), and last season by "The Trip to Bountiful," which again was first tested as a TV script. He is the author of "A Young Lady of Property" (1953), in which it is generally agreed that Kim Stanley gave the best TV performance extant, and he will collaborate with Miss Stanley again in "Traveling Lady" being produced by The Playwrights' Company early this fall.

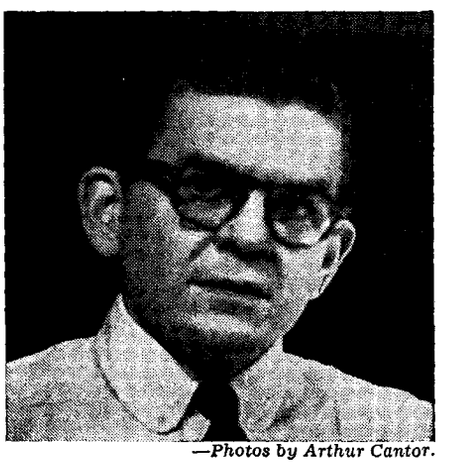
Paddy Chayevsky, though unproduced by the Playwrights' Company familiar to theatre followers for having his plays announced as "under option" more than any other unproduced playwright. His favorite theme is the inability of man to cope with his own loneliness in a crowded urban setup. His "Marty," which ran along these lines, has been sold to the motion pictures. Also known in the limbo of writers with plays under option is Tad Mosel, whose "The Lion Hunters" was performed at the Provincetown Playhouse and whose new play "Home Ground" will be produced by Fred Coe in the near future. His writings have a naked lyrical quality as he refuses to waste time with elaboration. In the same category is David Shaw (brother of Irwin), who has a fine and diverse bent for humor. His play "Double Jeopardy" is currently under option to Rita Allen. Unknown in the theatre, Robert Alan Aurthur, a very astute craftsman who has written a great deal out of his war experience, is nevertheless familiar to readers as the author of the best seller "The Glorification of Al Toolum."

WHILE the stature of these men is not comparable to the proven talents of Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Elmer Rice, and the late Sidney Howard at the time they pooled resources to form the Playwrights' Company, they do stand high among the current crop of promising playwrights. Relieved from the anxieties that immobilize many of their



David Shaw.

Robert Alan Aurthur.



Tad Mosel.

—Photos by Arthur Cantor.

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confreres, and with a strong voice in the production of their scripts, there is good reason to believe that Playwrights 54 will at the very least turn out some superior half-hour programs. But beyond that the chances seem bright for some of these programs to blossom with distinction and at greater length in the theatre. If so these writers will have succeeded in reversing the formula. They will be making their living on TV with an occasional bonus from the theatre.

DRAMA critics are frequently tormented with the drastic consequences of an unfavorable review. People can be deprived of a livelihood, and initiative be discouraged. Recently when the Second Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ontario, opened it received notices in the New York papers which would have forced the operation to close down within a week if it were playing on Broadway.

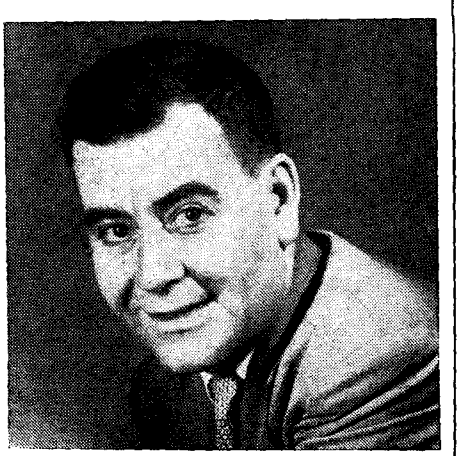
But happily word has been received from Canada that not only is business better than last year when the productions were more highly praised, but that the engagement will be extended an additional week, from August 23 to 28.

For all of us who have read the brilliantly written and beautifully illustrated account of difficulties overcome to initiate this festival, "Renown at Stratford" (Clarke, Irwin, Toronto, $3.50), or have seen the moving documentary film "The Stratford Adventure" the future of the Festival is far more important than our specific opinion of any production. The book, leavened with Tyrone Guthrie's wit and candor and decorated with Grant Macdonald's painted drawings of last year's performers, contains some immensely able criticism by Canada's own Robertson Davies. It is an exciting record. But the film perhaps best transmits the heartbeat of a project that began in the daydreams of Tom Patterson, an unaggressive but persevering Stratford citizen. It goes on to show the consultation of the quietly listening local committee and the towering global-gaited Guthrie, making it subtly clear that 18,000 people who had previously lived trickling village existences were in one hushed moment of decision flung into a swift-rushing venture of cosmic aims and proportions. The Stratford Festival has given the Ontario railroad town a quiet dignity usurped only by an unnecessary cannon shot once an evening. Moreover, Canada now has a flagship around which it can rally its professional theatres. How marvelous then to learn that playgoers in Canada are having the good sense to go see these beautifully produced classics for themselves, and treat the reviews as topics of debate rather than Holy Writ. If critics are honest they recognize their fallibility even when readers don't. If proof is needed witness my review of "Measure for Measure," which in praising the appearance of the Duke failed to mention that he was played with a fine overwrought quality by Lloyd Bochner. It is reassuring to learn that in this case the omission has not caused the Stratford Festival to fold its tent.

—HENRY HEWES.

N. Richard Nash.

Paddy Chayefsky.



Horton Foote.

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SURVEY OF PUBLISHED PLAYS
by
HENRY HEWES
The Saturday Review—August 21st

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Ad Astra per Corn

WHAT'S in the minds of the people who make pictures like the new Columbia Pictures release I saw the other night? My guess is their thinking goes like this:

We do this picture and we call it **"Pushover,"** only at the beginning you don't see the credits, you only see a guy painting a window of a bank. Then a guard comes and opens the door and the painter sticks a gun in his sacroiliac and they are inside. Right away in comes the creepy head bankrobber with long hair in the back who never says a mumbling word but looks as if he will shoot you if you ask him the time of day. They get the manager to open the vault, and they start dumping bundles of loot into a suitcase and *then* we show the main title and credits, superimposed over the money going into the keister, when we already got the audience good and hooked, the way Nunally Johnson did it with Rommel and Milestone in "Of Mice and Men," which I am one of the few people who even remembers it.

So now we are past the credits and outside a neighborhood movie house in L.A. It's raining. Everybody is wearing trench coats like foreign correspondents with extra flaps on the shoulders. Out comes a doll in a mink-type trench coat and that's Kim Novak. All right, Kim was a little bit stiff in the tests, but with the camera reaching for her all the time and the blonde hair pushed over to the side of the head and not letting her talk too much at one time because frankly more than eight words and the voice ruins it, I give you my word she will bring us home happy. And anyway, she is here, not marrying or divorcing famous persons like some other persons I could mention.

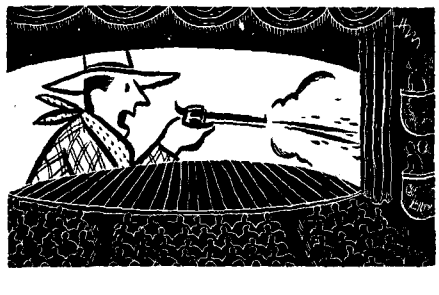
Mink coat gets into her car. Tries to start car. Car doesn't start. Male voice says, "Can I help you?" You know who the voice is? We interrupt this program for a special announcement. The voice is Fred MacMurray. Listen, I remember MacMurray when he was playing a saxophone and imitating a seal with the California Collegians, but there is something about these elder statesmen of Hollywood: (a) they know what to do in front of a camera, which is not very much; (b) they have to be pretty tough to begin with to get to be elder statesmen and that is good to have going for you when you are playing a tough cop; and (c) what's the matter, wasn't Dick Powell singing "By a Waterfall" to Ruby Keeler before he put on the trenchcoat and started throwing the short right hand that the punch doesn't travel six inches?

So from the car they go to MacMurray's place and there is a minor skirmish or two and then we will get as close to it in the dissolve as we can get without starting another Children's Crusade.

Now, in the next scene we discover that MacMurray is a cop and Novak is the bankrobber's girl and the whole bit with the car is a set-up so he can get to meet her. Only they discover they love each other with a love that passeth understanding, and let's hope it will also passeth the censors. So because they love each other with the l. that p. u., they decide to do what any other red-blooded American boy and girl would do—namely, knock off the creepy bankrobber, glom the two hundred G's, and try to make a simple happy life here below.

Do they do it? The audience is requested not to spoil the pleasure of their friends by revealing the unusual ending of this motion picture. But I give you a thought from Gershwin to carry you along the weary way. Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly, and we got to make these films till we die. This is something we know how to do, and we know how to do it very well. Give us a tough cop and a blonde with the hair all on one side of the head, and we will know what to do. We read our Hammett, we read our Chandler, we know what to do. He says, "Shall we go to my place or yours?" She says, "Surprise me." You see, this is something we know how to do.

We call it "Pushover." The title doesn't mean anything in particular, but it did well on the audience-reaction-to-title test, and as far as the marquee is concerned it is only three letters more than "Shane." Look for it at your neighborhood theatre soon.



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Returning to more direct communication, the undersigned should report that **"King Richard and the Crusaders"** (Warner Brothers) is a handsome Cinemascope contribution to what I like to think of as the in-love-with-Loretta-Young theory of history, an approach to the chronicles of nations far bolder than any dreamed of in Toynbee's philosophy. On this theory, it was for the love of Loretta Young (Empress Eugenie) that Ferdinand de Lesseps (Tyrone Power) dug the Suez Canal in the picture of the same name. The conceit is such a pretty one that only the surliest scholar would mention that Lesseps was in his sixties and the father of approximately seven at the time.

In "King Richard" the lion-hearted monarch of England finds himself in a mess of troubles while traveling the Near East on the Third Crusade. From without the Saracens of Sultan Saladin harry his flanks; within his camp jealous nobles plot to plant a poisoned arrow in his brisket that they might seize command. Although Richard conducts himself with a stupidity so immense as to be truly royal, the Saracens grant a chivalrous peace, the scheming nobles are put to rout. The reason? Why, it is because the Sultan Saladin falls in love with Virginia Mayo, fair blonde cousin of the King, who just happened to be along on the Crusade.

Of course the Sultan never gets the girl. West is West, Near-East is Near-East, and never the twain, etc. She winds up in the arms of Laurence Harvey, a Scottish knight who demonstrates his manly qualities by bellowing every speech, including his professions of love, at the very top of the decibel range of the new sound.

"King Richard and the Crusaders" is a colorful afternoon for the kiddies, a re-play of the Western action picture that might be called cowboys and Saracens. Yakima Canutt, a hardened Hollywood stunt man, is second unit director, and he has supplied some well-staged action sequences, including a joust on horseback which makes the tournament of old into a dangerous duel rather than a clumsy clash of hardware.

After these battles the film's chief diversion is Rex Harrison, stained like a sawbuck table for the double role of a worldly Saladin and a miracle-working doctor. Harrison is one of the skilful flycatchers of his profession, and in cloth-of-gold robes and Saracen beard he has himself a regular picnic.

—LEE ROGOW.

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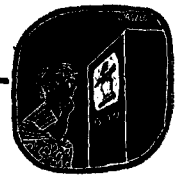

TV AND RADIO

Under the Eye of Eternity?

THE reports on the opening of international European television programs were not too promising; the chief impression one retains is of an impressive ceremony at the Vatican and, for the rest, travelogues. Not the sort of thing to make an American broadcaster envious. And the name, Eurovision, has a commercial tang, so perhaps we aren't so bad after all.

We aren't so bad, but there is something a little disturbing, nonetheless, in the thought of television programs which are created in any one of seven or eight countries and cross as many frontiers and are seen by people of many faiths and habits and languages and characters. The difficulties are so easy to see, the inevitable waste when you put on a program in Italian and beam it into Germany, and so forth. The opportunities are tremendous, too. And most of all, it seems to me, the idea itself of a television which crosses frontiers might be used as an impossible standard for judging our own programs.

I say "an impossible standard" because if a producer or sponsor should ever begin to think no program worth creating unless it were fit for international consumption we should have a sort of paralysis—the ideal would simply destroy the possible useful and good programs we now have. Negatively the criterion of international value is as useless to us as the idea of living always under the eye of eternity is impracticable for most people. But positively there's something in it: let us set out to create some programs good enough to be used internationally. (The British Broadcasting Corporation acquired the right to the formula of "What's My Line?"—but this isn't exactly the same thing as an international program.)

We have had such programs—usually single shots in the dramatic field or certain documentaries—and I suggest only that when 90 per cent of our entertainment is hardly worth crossing a state line for the possibilities of improvement are immense. Moreover, setting a high standard will get the producers of television off a hook which in the end may lacerate them badly: it is the hook of harmlessness.

The critics of television do not call it harmless. I am (not actively enough) on the board of some organized critics: The National Association for Better Radio and Television (NAFBRAT, for short), and this organization is convinced that "the volume of crime and the degree of violence which dominate TV programs for children" should dismay all American parents. A special committee of evaluation finds some excellent children's programs, too; twenty-one of them in fact. And it also finds that "more money is spent on the production of a single half-hour crime Western than for the production of the entire twenty-one programs classified as excellent."

So the critics try to impale the producers on the spear of harmfulness—just as Dr. Frederic Wertham does with the producers of comic-horror-books. The producers in each case reply that what they create is not harmful. Once in a great while they say "Children should be brought up to face the realities of life—so they must know that crime and other sordid things exist." But the one thing they do not say is "These crime Westerns, these crime comics, these films of brutality, are the best thing a child can possibly have; they must have these rather than anything else, because these things give the child inspiration, these enrich his life."

And the whole point is that everyone leaves it to everyone else to provide the enrichment of life—because that is hard to do without becoming "do-goodish" and harder still to do without losing your audience. No one does anything positive, no one says, "We have an obligation and we are fulfilling it." (The exceptions to "no one" are few.) The consequence is that the whole broadcasting industry thinks it is all right, and the world is all right, if no positive proof of harm can be shown, as if merely not committing a crime is the justification of the whole business.

It is in the end an uncreative attitude of mind and in the end it will lead to stultification. The elation that comes into a network's press-releases when something positive occurs, when a service has been rendered, is a kind of proof that for most of the time the work accomplished has been nothing better than harmless—a kind of social sterility.

JOHN CROSBY, observing the figures and the reasoning of the NAFBRAT committee, has suggested—almost demanded—that the networks step in and handle children's programs as they handle news—namely as their own creations, out of the control of the sponsor. It goes against the grain of our society for the Government to say that we can or can't have certain types of entertainment and there is just enough difference between news and children's programs we make to wonder whether the FCC wouldn't uphold a sponsor who insisted on his right to produce a show for which he had bought the time. But the proposal has merit in this: the network-produced body of shows would be so constantly under critical observation that pressure could be brought to bear—critical pressure from parents to which the networks would be responsive. And presently parents would begin to want not merely programs that had not been proved harmful, but programs positively good for their children—good and popular, too. They have existed—they can exist in more profusion.

—GILBERT SELDES.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 582

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 582 will be found in the next issue.

IEYGY DH JATJPH QCY

BJC IQ HIJIY IEY MJHY

ZQG ZGYYKQB. IEJI'H JAA

TY CYYK, QCY.

—MAJGYCMY KLGGQT.

Answer to No. 581

If people did no more than they had to, life would come to a standstill tomorrow.—Author Unknown.

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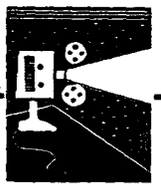

IDEAS ON FILM

People and Places

EVER since I bought a 16mm sound projector I've been a happy stay-at-home, content to see the world from an easy chair. However, for a few weeks this summer I abandoned projector and screen (or so I thought) and bestirred myself to visit two extremely attractive cities—Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Rochester, New York—with brief interludes at Duluth, Mackinac Island, Detroit, Buffalo, and Toronto. This energetic undertaking was prompted by the American Library Association's annual convention, the University of Minnesota's first Film Week, and celebrations of the George Eastman Centennial.

In three weeks away from home I saw more 16mm films and met more film-talking people than I am apt to do in a month of New York City Sundays. Fortunately, I bought a little brown notebook and kept a day-by-day record of every noteworthy thing that came my way. Unfortunately, this is the same little brown notebook which I last saw in a telephone booth in Rochester, two days before I returned home. Here is my best recollection of what it contained, with apologies for any misspellings or misrememberings that may have crept into this midsummer mishmash.

First off, I arrived in Minneapolis in time to be present when the American Library Association held its first meeting, adopted a constitution, and elected its officers. This is the first major film activity ALA has undertaken in the several years since termination of a Carnegie grant which laid the groundwork for the excellent film services offered in many public libraries. In the intervening years, even without a film executive and a formal pattern of participation, there has been a consistent rapport among these first-generation film librarians. Now new faces are coming into the picture, and through the Audio-Visual Round Table they have a chance to learn and to develop new ideas together. Chairman of the A-V Round Table is Mrs. Muriel C. Javelin (Boston Public Library) and vice chairman is Miss Virginia Beard (Cleveland Public Library). Much credit for ALA's recurrent interest in 16mm film work goes to its associate executive secretary, Mrs. Grace T. Stevenson, who knows a good film when she sees one.

Daily film shows in the Minneapolis Public Library were an interesting sidelight of the ALA convention. Under the direction of Margaret Fletcher and Mrs. Agatha Klein (representing Minneapolis and St. Paul libraries respectively), several dozen new productions were screened at noon-hour sessions. With Karline Brown, this year's ALA Audio-Visual Board chairman, I stopped in and saw a couple of films, as well as the film-lending facilities of the Minneapolis Public Library. Karline, who has directed the Cincinnati Public Library's Films and Recordings Section since its founding seven years ago, tells me that this fall the library moves into a brand-new handsome building, which handsomely equipped audio-visual quarters. I've put it first on my list of places to visit next time.

I arrived in Minneapolis too late to attend the meeting at which the feature film "The Wild Ones" (starring Marlon Brando) was shown. Discussion on the film, by Lester Asheim, dean of Chicago's Graduate Library School, was, I am told, lively and perceptive. This was the first time, to my recollection, that a Hollywood film has been selected for use in a demonstration film forum.

Wandering through the display booths, picking up free literature and gossip, I learned that this fall Simon & Schuster will publish a book based on Disney's hit film "The Living Desert." People were talking, too, about this year's Newbery-Caldecott winners—Joseph Krumgold's "And Now Miguel," based on a documentary movie which the author had directed, and Ludwig Bemelman's "Madeline," which UPA so delightfully rendered into a theatrical cartoon. (None of these three films is currently available for 16mm use. "The Living Desert"—perhaps in a few years. "And Now Miguel"—made for Government overseas distribution, its domestic release may be in the near, or distant, future. "Madeline"—the contracted property of Columbia Pictures, and not likely ever to be available for non-commercial use, alas.)

I am not one who regards group discussion as an out-and-out triumph, but let me say how happy I am to have wandered into the booth of the ALA American Heritage Project and met its two discussion trainers, R. E. Dooley and Leonard Freedman. After my hour's discussion with these two gentlemen, a discussion about discussion and its values and limitations, I am ready to go under oath to the effect that (1) discussion (as they define and practise it) has endlessly exciting and essential parts to play in democratic development, and (2) the Fund for Adult Education could not conceivably put its money and faith into a worthier endeavor. The project goes into its fourth year now, using books and films to stimulate nearly seven thousand participants in expressing and thus clarifying their ideas about the American past, present, and future. To help train discussion leaders for more than 350 active groups Mr. Dooley and Mr. Freedman will be traveling around the country to various cities involved in the project. They can't go everywhere, however, and what is needed is a first-rate film to show these two in action.

Across the river from the ALA meeting, and concurrently with it, the University of Minnesota's first Film Week attracted a serious group of film students from neighboring states, for a crowded schedule of lectures, discussions, and screenings. I must have looked at ten hours of film, and the students probably did at least three times that well. Films which had been produced by student and staff participants were also shown and discussed—including a University of Wisconsin color production on cancer research, directed and written by Jackson Tiffany; several films with electronic sound by Louis and Bebe Barron, and a number of films and excerpts by Paul Falkenberg.

AS the final event of the Film Week, Rouben Mamoulian was guest speaker before an open meeting in the University auditorium. Mamoulian is best known for his movies "The Gay Desperado," "Love Me Tonight," and "Becky Sharp" (the first all-Technicolor feature film), and for his stage direction of "Porgy," "Porgy and Bess," "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel." Introducing a screening of his color film "Blood and Sand," Mamoulian stressed the planning that had gone into its color composition—and when the lights went out it was heartbreakingly discovered that a black-and-white print of the film had been sent by error. Mamoulian interceded and suggested that without color the film was not worth sitting through. The projectionist turned it on again, however, and such is the power of the moving picture that, although it had been warned it was being served a "dirty turkey," the audience stayed and enjoyed what it could.

Interest in the first University of Minnesota Film Week was high enough to warrant the planning of another for next year. Again it is to be offered under the direction of Dr

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George Amberg, by the University's Center for Continuation Study, in cooperation with the Department of Art and the Audio-Visual Education Service. Perhaps next year the color version of "Blood and Sand" will be shown.

While I was on the campus I saw a ten-minute film called "Freight Stop," which was made under a university grant to art professor Allen Downs. It is a simple study in composition and editing, a delightful and unassuming picture story of what happens when a freight train takes time out to refresh itself. There is a musical sound track, but no narration. The film can be rented and purchased from the Audio-Visual Education Service, University of Minnesota, in Minneapolis. Downs, a painter who lately began teaching still photography, and more lately motion pictures, is currently experimenting with a film that will study "the capacities of color."

The trip en route from Minneapolis to Rochester was intended as holiday, but in Duluth I could not resist walking into the Hart Audio-Visual Center. Avon Hart, who set up shop in Duluth about seven years ago, is an active NAVA (trade association) member who sells film, filmstrip, and tape-recording equipment, and maintains a rental collection of 16mm films, mostly for use of religious organizations. In his store I saw the first "published" tape recording—Disney scoring again with this release of the music track for "The Living Desert." The Hart Audio-Visual Center is, incidentally, just about the most attractive store of its kind I've ever seen. It has original oil paintings on the white walls, attractively displayed merchandise, and a collection of ancient home-movie projectors.

In Detroit I spoke with Dave Strom, who is now working at a new job in the Jam Handy Organization, pioneers in the industrial training and sales film. I also had time for a chat with Kurtz Myers, who now is in charge of the Detroit Public Library's theatre collection, but still is paternally proud of the fine film collection which he established there right after the war.

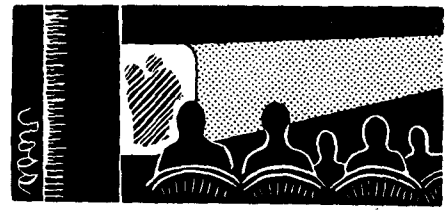
MY VISIT to Rochester coincided with that city's preparations for the centennial of George Eastman's birth (in Watertown, New York, on July 21, 1854). For the occasion a commemorative stamp was issued by the U. S. Post Office, and the entire city displayed tribute to the man who had done more than anyone else to make us a nation of picture-takers. I visited Kodak Park, where film is made and processed. I should say I visited a *portion* of Kodak Park, since it is a 500-acre area with 116 buildings and over 20,000 employes. Cameras and lenses are manufactured elsewhere in the city, and a fourth set of buildings constitute the general offices of the Eastman Kodak Company. Daily tours of the manufacturing plants are open to the public—and your own film group can borrow some 16mm sound films which do approximately the same job—"Behind Your Snapshot" (13 min., color), "Quality in Photographic Papers" (20 min., color), and "Quality in Photographic Lenses" (25 min., color, and winner of this year's Golden Reel Award in the Sales Promotion category). Each of the films is available without cost, except for return shipping and insurance charges; booking requests should be addressed to Camera Club and School Service, Eastman Kodak Company, 343 State Street, Rochester 4, New York.

The nation's foremost photography museum is the George Eastman House, officially opened in 1949 to show "the progress in the art and science of photography." Located in the handsome fifty-room home where Eastman lived from 1905 until his death in 1932, it is supported by the photographic industry and by special donations. Its displays show the fascinating history of picture-taking: the copper-plate daguerreotype of 1839, the collodion wet-plate and the gelatin dry-plate (both using glass as a base), and the transparent flexible film which George Eastman introduced in 1888, revolutionizing still photography and making possible the advent of motion photography. The displays follow the development of the snapshot, color transparencies and prints, amateur and professional movies, and a hundred-and-one special effects.

The motion-picture department at Eastman House has two functions: to show and to preserve worthy movies from the past. In the 500-seat Dryden Theatre, recently built as an annex to the house, films are shown privately several days a week, and publicly on weekends. Several hundred motion pictures are being preserved permanently in the special vaults located on the premises. None of these movies is available for loan or rental, but arrangements can be made to have private screenings at Eastman House. If you are in a generous mood you can make a much-needed financial contribution to the costly work of preserving old films. With James G. Card as curator, the motion-picture department maintains a library of books, pictures, scores, and miscellaneous material (including the Theodore Huff Collection) to help answer out-of-the-way questions of students, scholars, and researchers. Both Card and his assistant, George Pratt, are old-movie devotees, and as time goes by the educational tasks which face them are vast indeed. Whether or not you visit the Eastman House, you may want to receive the publication *Image*, which is issued periodically with news of photography in general and Eastman House in particular. Your request to receive this publication should be sent to James G. Card, Motion Picture Curator, George Eastman House, 900 East Avenue, Rochester 7, New York.

My stay in Rochester included a visit to the public library's excellent audio-visual collection, and to the offices of the board of education to hear about plans for a new and superbly equipped high school. About this latter item, more next month. However, before I settle in for a long winter at home I must say a few words about my chance visit to the fanciest audio-visual display on wheels—literally on wheels. It's the Merchandising Motorcade, which the Armstrong Cork Company is sending around the country to help inspire and train salesmen to sell more of the new resilient floor coverings. The Motorcade is made up of two giant-sized vans which open and fit together forming an auditorium that seats over a hundred people. It is equipped with its own power generator, two public-address systems, and equipment for filmstrips, slidefilms, recordings, and sound motion pictures. One after another, interspersed between talks by two in-person speakers, they present a rapid-fire promotion story varied enough to permit the eye and ear to remain attentive and alert without strain. The audience was made up of specially invited salesmen and dealers. I had wandered in merely as a curious passer-by, with John Flory and Tom Hope. As long-time specialists in this field they had seen many setups for audio-visual sales promotion campaigns—although not usually on wheels. But it was my very first. My interest didn't flag for a moment, and when the show was over I was sure that I should be selling twice as much asphalt tile floor as anyone in the room.

Soon the memories will begin to fade, faces and scenes will dissolve into the past, as in a dream—or perhaps as in a movie—never to be completely forgotten. Pleasant? Of course it was pleasant. In this one I had a leading role. —CECILE STARR.



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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Play, Fiddlehead, Play

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea.

THE NEXT person who says, "Please tell me someplace to go where it's different," I will tell to go to New Brunswick. People eat ferns and toasted seaweed, and on an offshore island called Grand Manan the men are fond of knitting and the ladies make cakes with seagull eggs, which are also used for whipping up a dandy meringue.

Now it is not altogether obligatory to eat a gullible cake, much less a mass of toasted seaweed. If you are a daring soul you might like to try the ferns called fiddlehead greens, which the handsome Admiral Beatty Hotel in Saint John will serve you along with a Saint John Harbor salmon. A fiddlehead green is the bud of a fern which looks like the head of a fiddle and appears on the banks of the river after the spring freshets have retired. Indians pick them and they can be bought frozen or canned. As for the salmon, they are netted right in the harbor of Saint John where they have paused to rest.

Here at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, just over the border from Maine, nobody fiddles around with a fiddlehead when there's lobster in the air, and rare is the day there isn't. Conley's lobster works, the world's largest, sits by the edge of the harbor sorting and shipping over 9,000,000 crustaceans every year. The plant is open to tourists and so, to be sure, is a retail store where types who might send salt-water taffy should they be in Atlantic City may dispatch six cans of lobster paste ($1.15), or six cans of lobster meat with the armor removed ($6), all done up in colorful cartons. If there is anyone on your list whom you might like to surprise, Conley's will ship live, iced lobsters anywhere in the United States, guaranteed to arrive kicking and clawing. It maintains the world's largest pound on nearby Deer Island, also open to visitors, and it dispatches lobsters all over the country, sending two full boxcars ahead of the Pullmans every day on the Boston train. One restaurant in Hollywood gets a daily shipment of 130, a fact which makes the St. Andrews fishermen contemplate the notion that the lobster that Marilyn Monroe eats today slept last night in Passamaquoddy Bay.

There is a wide range of shelter available here in St. Andrews, a town settled first by United Empire loyalists, citizens so dedicated to George III that they picked up their marbles and moved over the border when the Colonies won their independence. First off there is the Algonquin, a giant half-timbered hotel of the Canadian Pacific's vast nationwide chain that includes that little stone hideaway at Banff and the ivy-encrusted Empress out at Victoria. This one is manicured, pleasant, and sedate. Those frosted amber electric bulbs I recall from the ancient days when I lived on Riverside Drive—in a decor I think of fondly as Riverside Drive Moorish—burn reminiscently in the dining hall. And the other night—there is dancing twice a week—the band, done up in blue jackets and white flannels, were romancing the dancers with the strains of "Cross Your Heart," a number which Lawrence Schwab, Buddy DeSylva, and Lou Gensler wrote for "Queen High" in 1926.

The dining-room fare is better than the average summer hotel, the coffee the best brewed in Canada, and it is all served with genuine pleasantness by an efficient corps of college students. You will need a necktie lunch and dinner to partake and no slacks on no females at no time in the dining room. Whites are required on the tennis courts, shorts prohibited on the golf course, but neither rule seems to be enforced too strictly.

THE coincidence of names with St. Andrews, Scotland, has commanded a certain similarity in the golf links. The local layouts (there is a nine-hole course and an eighteen) are strung out along the fringes of Passamaquoddy Bay, and when the tide is high water is likely to lick the edges of the fifth tee. This very location, incidentally, a pleasant one from which to shoot golf balls in summer, is a prime location from which to shoot black duck in the fall. St. Andrews, Canadian version, employs girl caddies and is one of the few golf courses where a broad view of the fairway also encompasses sailboats slipping out past the herring weirs to Deer Island, and Campobello Island, where the Roosevelts had their summer home. The links also make room for a small customs house where cars over on the new ferry from Robbinston, Me., must stop for clearance.

You can figure about $18 a day at the Algonquin, or thereabouts, plus the imposition of a small charge for movies and also for swimming down

—*Canadian Pacific Railway.*

Frosted amber bulbs in the Algonquin (left) are reminiscent of Riverside Drive, while "herring boats bobbing at their moorings" (right) recall the mother islands.

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at Katy's Cove, a pleasant nook where the ice-cold water is let into a lagoon and warmed in the summer until it reaches a dunkable temperature. There are a sand expanse, lockers, and a tea house, and a levy of a dollar a day per person for the use of all this whether you are a guest of the hotel or not. Every so often the Algonquin reserves a corner of the beach for a clambake, steaming lobsters, clams, corn over an underground oven of charcoal, hot rocks, and damp seaweed.

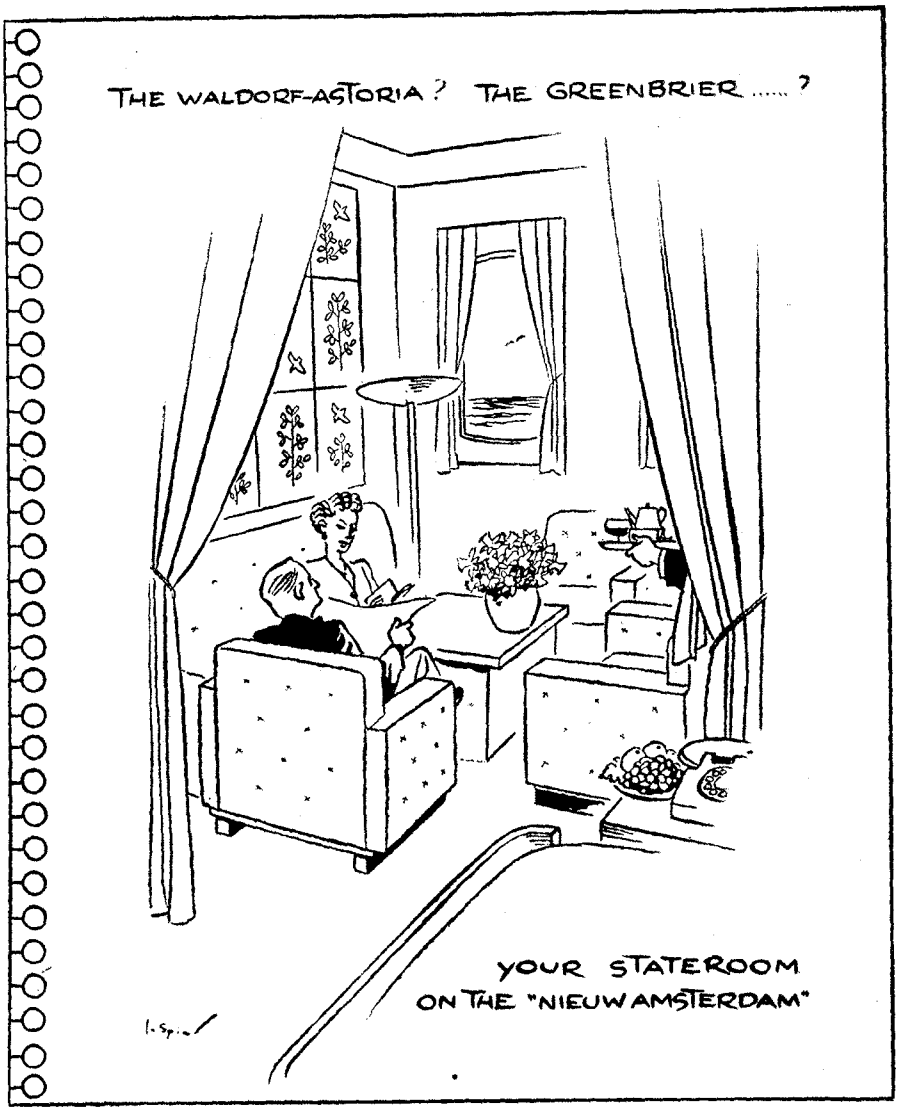
Aside from the Algonquin there is a small hotel in town called the Commodore, which has been knighted by the omnipresent agents of Duncan Hines. Down the road is a quaint establishment called the Seaside Hotel, a collection of a dozen or more buildings, all painted white, trimmed in green, with red and white awnings and a tangle of petunias at the window. The main house is a collection of antiques—cut-glass vases filled with poppies, glass cabinets filled with trinkets, petit point chairs, and a number of paintings that proved to be only reproductions in a gilded frame.

The dining-room is decorated with sextants, old ships' clocks, lanterns, and compasses, not to mention potted ferns which stand neat and clean against a white wall. The bar is about the sweetest little nook of imbibery since The Little Bar perished with the Ritz Carlton in New York. It is a scant five feet long, has room for three chairs, a wastepaper basket, and an old rug from Guatemala hanging from the wall. There is table service for two in the room adjoining, with a clear view of the road over which I anticipated the appearance at any moment of Mr. Hulot arriving for his holiday.

Single rooms are as low as $3 a night at the Seaside without meals, $8 with them, and several rooms on the very edge of the harbor have private entrances off a boardwalk and an unparalleled view of Conley's lobster works, majestic to behold if you don't inhale.

IN THE matter of transporting yourself to St. Andrews, you can fly on the capable wings of Trans Canada Airlines from Boston as far as Saint John or Fredericton, a capital city possessed of an unusually good hotel called, with some affection for a local boy, the Lord Beaverbrook. By train, the Canadian Pacific Railways will bring you into the town of St. Andrews. If you're coming in your own car, get on U.S. Route 1, the nation's east-fringe road, and follow it north to Robbinston, Me., where the nine-car ferry sails for St. Andrews.

Since you won't want to come back



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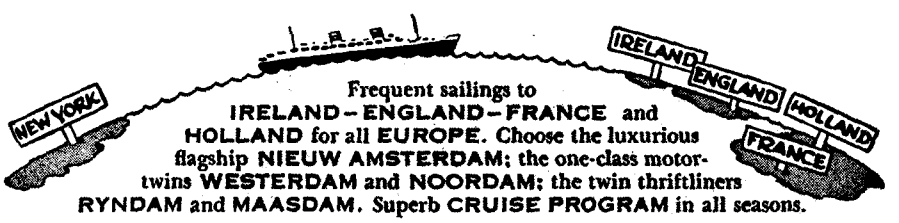

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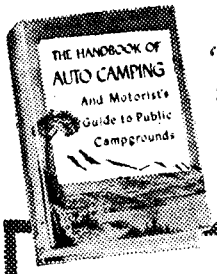

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without an assortment of dust collectors, a giant-sized china shop displays Deichmann stoneware, delicate Beleek from Ireland, the usual assortments of Spode and Royal Doulton, a variety of wooden salad bowls with carved speckled trout lying in state atop them, and a rogue's gallery of Toby jugs. Quite the most unusual establishment, however, is the Cottage Craft Shop, which offers handsome rugged tweeds of original patterns and colorings designed to reflect the local maritime life. They are all fashioned by New Brunswick seacoast hands and sell for about $3.80 a yard, a price which brings the material for a suit to about $23. To walk the docks at St. Andrews in a fog-shrouded night, the gulls squeaking and hawking, the herring boats bobbing at their moorings, and a great bolt of tweed flapping in the drying wind on the porch of the Cottage Craft shop, is to breathe a breath of the mother islands far across the choppy sea.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tale

CONTINENTAL CAMERA: Many of us who have been using the written word to express what beauties await on the yonder shore may be better able to transmit specifics, but it's going to be difficult to match the dense clouds of atmosphere evoked by the portfolio of photographs presented in **"Europe: A Journey with Pictures,"** by Anne Fremantle and Bryan Holme (Studio Publications, $7.50). Beginning with Krainin's great color shot of Neuchwanstein in Bavaria, which is both cover and frontispiece, the book rambles through Europe from England to Yugoslavia, a trip conducted by such expressionists as Cartier-Bresson, with his treatment of a taxidermist's shop in Britain, Kindel's light and shadow in Spain, Henle's Portuguese fishermen seen through a seine. The editors have succumbed neither to the vapid tourist bureau views nor to the unpopulated everybody-is-dead-here school of architectural photo coverage.

Wind blows in the sails of ships, haze settles over a Scottish castle, boy delights girl over a fence in Salzburg, and it doesn't look like an airline publicity shot. Captions are simple and direct, and there is a country-by-country accompanying text which is unpretentious, informative, and leans heavily on quotations for proof positive of the charm that exists in the nation under scrutiny. It is mildly informative, certainly no guidebook, and altogether an agreeable accompaniment to the rest. But the photos carry the weight. —H. A. S.

Bookmarks

A RECENT reference in this column to a general dearth of warm shoulders brings this rebuttal from Charles Lee of Philadelphia:

Because I was shy
I never had told her
how very much I
disliked her cold shoulder.

But she, being wise
and just a bit bolder,
has opened my eyes
and got me to hold her.

And now it's sublime
to be happy and older,
because, my friends, I'm
upon her warm shoulder.

* * *

Everybody's first reader is a clock-face. We have yet to find a person who does not recall telling his or her mother in response to a query about the time: "The little hand is on ten and the big hand is a little below one."

* * *

The Jubjub bird is not the only critter to beware. Avoid, equally, the book-shover. A book-shover is a person who not only insists that you read such-and-such a title but hauls his own copy off the shelf and forces it on you. This leaves you in much the same predicament which you confront when a friend shows you baby-pictures. There isn't much you can do about it. You can throw the book on the floor and stomp on it, you can even fling it in your friend's face, but these are drastic measures tending to promote ill-feeling. You will probably wind up taking the book, returning it two weeks or a year later, and telling the book-shover how much you enjoyed it. What you don't tell him is that you didn't read it. Shoved books rarely get read.

* * *

Fighting words in a footnote: G. S. Fraser's "The Modern Writer and His World" (based on lectures delivered at Tokyo University in 1950) refers to "'novelists of action' like Hemingway, Malraux, or Koestler." An asterisk carries the reader's eye to this qualification: "I don't mean that these aren't important writers, but merely that there is an element of *unconscious* 'viciousness' in all of them." (The italics, for once, are the author's). Mr. Hemingway and the others may not be especially pleased to be identified as "vicious" writers, but it must be ten times as annoying to be told that they are both vicious and unaware of being vicious. How about Mickey Spillane? He know what he's up to? —J. T. W.

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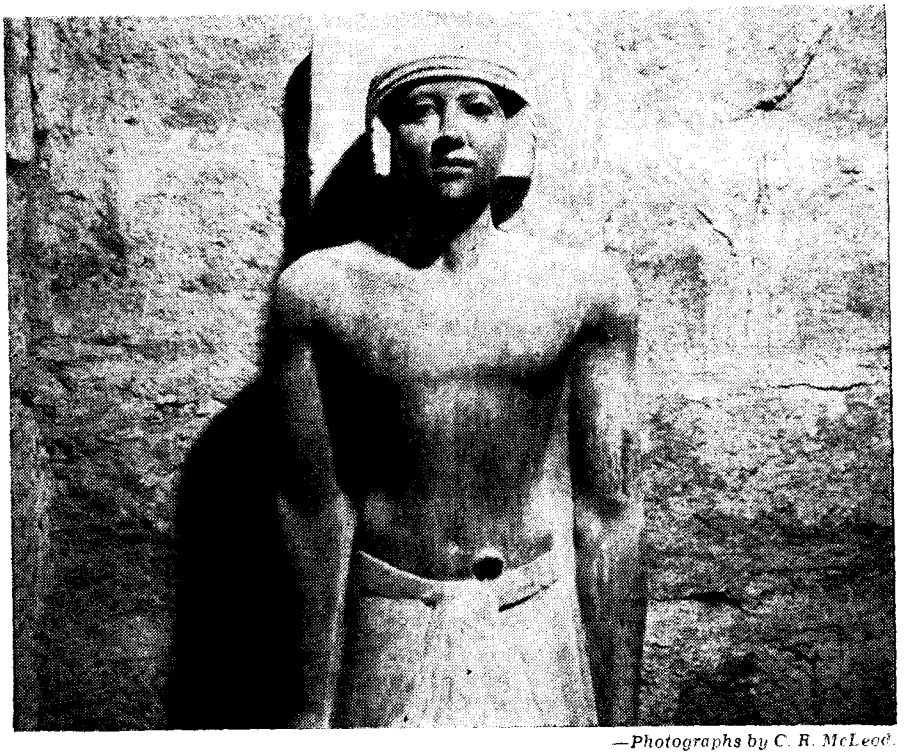

—Photographs by C. R. McLeod

Giant Egyptian rock-sculpture—"Can food be cross-eyed?"

Focus: 24,000 Miles

By C. R. McLEOD

INDIA did not start out well at all. Minutes after the huge Pan American Clipper landed at New Delhi a customs officer began rummaging through our luggage in admirable style, his hurrying, excavating fingers giving each layer of apparel a quick check. Things were moving along briskly, India lay restlessly outside the window, when, on going through a valise of mine, the customs man discovered a roll of film I had neatly packed in a shoe. A sternly vigilant look filled his face, but he didn't say a word. However, when on being asked to list my occupation I replied, "Librarian," it was too much.

"Just what is a librarian?" he asked.

"We get information and books for people to read."

"You keep books?"

"We have books in the library."

"Well, if you keep books, you are a bookkeeper—"

"No, I'm a *librarian*, not a—"

"—and if you are a bookkeeper, you're here on business. *Why* do you insist you're a tourist?"

Anyway, it was a wonderful trip.

* * *

It was a free trip around the world. Back last January I was at my desk in the Detroit (Mich.) Public Library when I received word from *The Saturday Review* that I had won its first annual WORLD TRAVEL PHOTO CONTEST, my prize a global journey via Pan American World Airways. I had been abroad a couple of times previously—once, in 1952, for a hundred days in the British Isles, Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, and North Africa; the other time, between '43 and '45, when Europe to me was no bigger than the back of a U.S. Army truck. Happily, the itinerary of the prize journey was routed so that I'd have an opportunity to visit mostly countries I'd never been to, from the Near to the Far East.

Fifty-eight days, 24,000 miles, and 760 color shots after I left Detroit last spring Pan American delivered me back at my desk. I had stopped in on, for visits varying from, say, a day in Lisbon to a week in Hawaii, a couple of dozen cities, some of which did not exactly floor me and some of which did (Bangkok, with its saffron priests and golden temple peaks, was built for color photography). Among other stopovers were Baalbek, Lebanon; Delphi, Greece; Montserrat, Tarragona, and Palma, in Spain; Tokyo, Kyoto, Kamakura, and Hakone, Japan; the Portuguese port of Macao, and a number of others that will turn up herein. Since I've been back the one question I have been asked more than any other is:

"What place did you like best?"

The answer is difficult, even for a bookkeeper. Each place is best for being itself. By way of illustration I have put together a kind of *smörgåsbord* of highly personal and mostly random impressions of faraway places, as they say. It is not a trenchcoat, inside-story, behind-the-scenes account of world conditions, of the Cold War, of the chances for the reunification of Indo-China. It is a travelogue—no more, no less—of a couple of months of relaxed globe-trotting during which I happily stumbled across the answer to a question that has puzzled me for years:

"Can food be cross-eyed?"

* * *

Cities, at first glance, have a way of imparting a kind of tattoo of adjectives and nouns all their own. Barcelona, for example—splendid boulevards, gothic quarter, courteous people, a flair. Rome—possibly the most livable city, with the widest selection of old and new and comfort. Athens—capital of a disturbing country, crowded with people who seem unhappy and curiously out of place in a city. Hong Kong—the biggest Chinatown you've ever seen. Macao—a leisurely combination of Lisbon and the Orient. Istanbul—from a plane at night, what seemed so heavy during the day becomes a nonchalant strew of lights, bounced by the black waters.

Possibly more than any other city, Istanbul made me conscious of my unavoidably quick, leapfrogging itinerary. Istanbul was down for five days, hardly enough to cover it adequately. It struck me as a strange city; used to the tan stones of the Mediterranean towns, you run up against dark, heavy buildings—wood structures with overhanging balconies and latticed windows. Somber clothes, enormous back-carried loads, broad utilitarian tugs on the Golden Horn, wide views spiked with minarets—all adding up to something to be taken slowly, but definitely to be taken. It certainly would have been dandy to have had an additional five days or so, but there was half a world of countries, people, and customs still coming up.

Of the lot, just about the most interesting—if high-priced—custom I discovered anywhere originates in the lobby of any Cairo hotel. Its only requirement is a tourist. This Egyptian hazing system works something like this: You have a bag with two handles—so, two porters *must* carry it. A third opens the lobby door, a fourth holds it, a fifth tells the sixth to call a taxi, then No. 7 opens the

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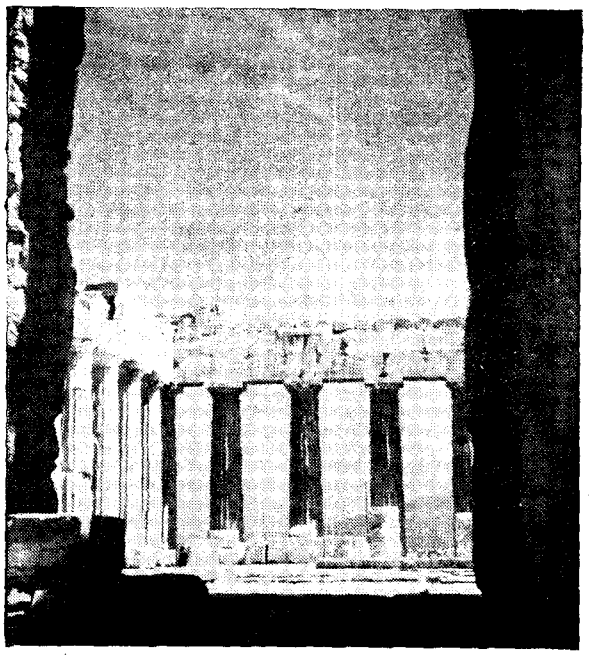


Athens: The Parthenon—"the wildness of Athens."

taxi door. Wait a minute. The moment the taxi door is opened the whole business (in the literal sense) starts all over again: the two porters holding the bag hand it to two others, who, in turn, hand it to two others, who, in turn—. Somehow the bag is finally deposited in the taxi. Throughout, each porter holds three hands out, and it's expected that you, despite the fact that you have already paid a service charge, should liberally ease the management of its economic responsibilities.

* * *

It's impossible to travel around the world without coming to a variety of conclusions about food. First off, I should confess that I am not too venturesome in this field. Shock treatment makes my stomach unhappy. In fact, a plain unadorned boiled potato is a reassuring sight. To me French cooking seems to be a concentration of ways to disguise a *lack* of cooking, and when you run into ersatz French the result is dubious. Anyway, the climax to that little sermon came in Hong Kong, where I ordered squab. The pigeon arrived with its head still on, cooked and staring. I could have managed, but the foul thing was cross-eyed. Incidentally, if you get to these parts it's mandatory that you try a meal on a barge in Aberdeen on the island. The fish you'd like for dinner will be scooped out of a tank, right alongside the barge. Aberdeen is the local Monterrey, its harbor jammed with junks looking like "Terry and the Pirates," only they're sadly filled with refugees from China.

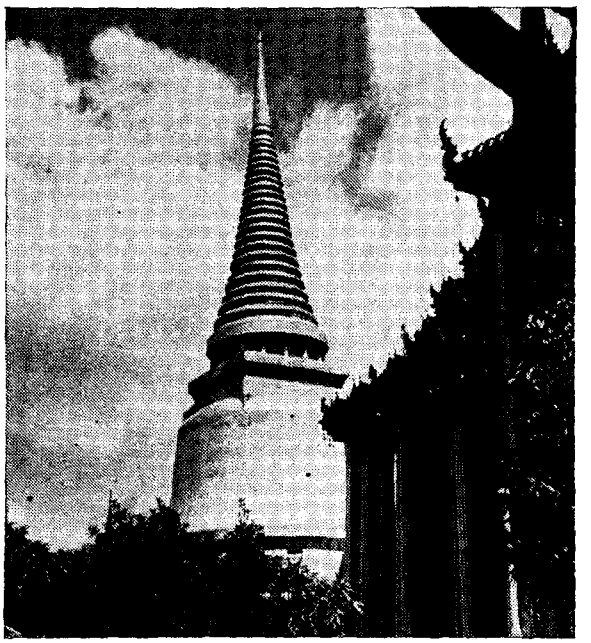
If I didn't go out of my way for culinary *chef d'oeuvres*, I did for theatrical ingenuity, even bad theatrical ingenuity. I saw everything I could—from a circus with only a Portuguese disguised as an Oriental magician to some Japanese giving their all (with bare essentials) in a Parisian revue. In Bangkok the Silpakorn Theatre staged an elaborate version of the folktale of the princess who chooses as her husband a goatherd instead of a prince. Here the cast was all female except for several comics. Richly costumed, with many amusing moments in spite of the language barrier, this was about the best evening I spent in the theatre. The poorest was in Istanbul, where the *Comédie Francaise* did the original "My Three Angels." In contrast to the Thailand theatre's use of women, Japan Kabuki Theatre used men; its production seemed to go on and on and on, but even the part I saw had enough harum-scarum visually and vocally to qualify as "Soap Down East." Imitation goes a long way in Japan. One stage show I saw had a complete orchestra outfitted in Spike Jones fashion, with all of the noise but none of the timing. One final note: The biggest waste of potential I saw was a revue with Anna Magnani having nothing better to do than pull up her shoulder straps. That was *my* feeling. A Maltese sitting beside me had a totally different reaction. "Say, that's bloody good—in fact, it's rather jolly," he commented.

* * *

Billboards, traffic, and Hawaii may sound like an odd trinity, yet they go together splendidly. What I am going to say may sound a little jumbled, but I'll put it down anyway, just as it struck me in Hawaii: To begin with, Hawaii doesn't belong in a discussion of comparative tourism. Paradise has a headstart in bests. One of the most striking things about the place is that pedestrians have the right of way. It can't be said this is so because the footer may be a tourist—hence, an economic precaution. Absolutely everybody has the right of way. This is doubly appreciated as I come from a town where pedestrians are the natural economic enemy of vehicles. Another thing, Hawaii is free from billboards. You can see the place. Talking about the comparative lack of traffic hazards, this is as good a place as any to bring up such things as the darting motor-scooters of Rome, the bedlam of Beirut, the wildness of Athens. There the traffic cops barricade themselves in pillboxes in strategic spots from where they can direct traffic operations and presumably escape in the direst moments. In Delhi it's the cows. It's not that they have the right of way. There is no way.

Just about everywhere I went I was put in touch with the local camera clubs. The local representatives of Pan American had, in fact, informed these clubs of my itinerary; as a consequence I had an opportunity to speak before camera fans in Athens, Beirut, Karachi, Bangkok, Hong Kong, and Honolulu, among other places. In one instance a banquet was held in my honor. It was given by the Catalon Photographic Society of Barcelona. Possibly the club with the greatest desire to travel was composed of members of the Pakistan Air Force. They all wanted to go to Hawaii. Seems they've heard of hula dancers.

All in all, it was an interesting, instructive journey around the world. Which was the best city? As I was saying just a few paragraphs back, it's impossible to say, even for a librarian. Perhaps the only thing to say is that each stopover, in its own way, is the best.



Bangkok: Wat Phra Keo—"each stopover is the best."

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"Sauk-Centricities" of Sinclair Lewis

Continued from page 8

Street' condemned me in his eyes as a traitor to my heritage—whereas the truth is, I shall never shed the little, indelible 'Sauk-centricities' that enabled me to write it—that make the unbridgeable difference between me and my son Wells!"

SUDDENLY he rose, went to a mirror, and, turning his head from side to side, studied his face for some time. Then he said quietly: "You know, as the fire dies down inside of me and I grow old, I shall resemble somewhat a dignified old gentleman of the old school, but actually I shan't be. It takes three generations, and I'm only the second. My son Wells is the third. I think he is a gentleman, and perhaps he may create literature—as I have not. I've already done my best work, and of that 'Babbitt' will probably be rated my best book—though my own favorite will always be 'Arrowsmith' and, incidentally, my favorite character will always be old Max Gottlieb. Oh, in the future a book of mine will probably always be good for a sale of fifty thousand—but neither the critics nor the author will be fooled. The best of what I'll ever have produced will bear the same relation to true literary achievement that a jacket blurb does to the text of a really great book."

The next morning a speedboat brought a telegram: even as we had sat talking in the night Old Doc Kennicut had died. The same boat took us back to the mainland, where we parted, and Hal turned southward to bury the stranger who had sired him in Sauk Center.

A fortnight later I saw him in Chicago on his way to Washington, D. C., where for reasons I cannot now recall he had asked Gracie, his first wife, to rent a house in which he would finish "Gantry." His father's death, and the entire Sauk Center community's heart beating as one at the funeral services, had moved Hal profoundly, and left him for the moment again in a subdued mood of clear self-perspective and genuine humility. Just as on the island on that last night, he spoke of his best work as already accomplished, and he seemed unimpressed by the prospect of whatever he might produce during his remaining years. Although he began to regain some of his natural buoyancy, it was in this mood of unaccustomed gravity that he had left Chicago for Washington.

Business shortly took me to New York and Washington, where I spent a day with Hal and Gracie. They were trying valiantly, actually quite desperately, to carry on together, but the futility of their effort was continually betrayed by the underlying tension of their badinage. When we were alone together for a moment Hal told me I might soon be seeing him in New York; and when Gracie drove me to the station she said, without breaking her tone of feigned gaiety, that the future of her relation to Hal appeared at the moment even more problematical than ever before. It was their last attempt, and the cumulative bitterness their incompatibility had engendered was to find vent, respectively, in his "Elmer Gantry" and in her book "Half a Loaf."

Not long afterwards, in New York, I received a telephone call from him, urging me to come to his room at the Hotel Shelton. I found him in a bleak, gray tower room, in a state of abysmal depression and near-collapse. After a final flare-up, he had rushed away from Washington with virtually nothing save his current manuscript. The only other personal effects I noted were three brandy bottles, two of them empty.

I asked him if he had any definite plans. Only to complete "Gantry," he answered, a matter of three or four months. He expected to leave for Europe before its publication because he was certain that once it had appeared he would be thrown out if he didn't leave voluntarily! At this point I asked him if he would care to share my bachelor apartment in lower Fifth Avenue while he finished the book. For some reason this sent him rather to pieces, and it was several minutes before he tried to speak. Finally he said that this seemed a very kind proposal, which he would probably accept, but he would like a few days in which to think it over.

Considering his general condition at the moment, I wondered whether he would even remember this proposed arrangement. To my surprise, he not only did, but decided that in order to be really fit for this last lap of his latest job he would attend some famous health camp or other, up the Hudson. Then, just as he was departing for the latter, he startled me still more by asking me to agree that we should have no alcohol whatsoever in the apartment and should, furthermore, entertain as few people as possible!

He returned ten days later, looking healthier and more relaxed than I

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DOUBLEDAY

N.Y. Herald Tribune, July 25.

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had ever seen him. During that time he had, of course, been forbidden tobacco and alcohol, been made to exercise all day long, and to be in bed and asleep by nine o'clock each night. He felt so exuberantly well that even before unpacking his bag he telephoned his bootlegger and gave him a sizable order. And within a few days the familiar procession of people began milling through our living room at any hour between two P. M. and three A. M., almost never between seven-thirty A. M. and midday, for during those hours, no matter when he had gotten to bed, the writer Sinclair Lewis kept extraordinarily faithful tryst with his work.

HE now began to indulge his love of books, and seldom returned from a walk or a trip uptown without an armful of them, or without there appearing messengers in his wake laden with parcels of two or three books at a time. He never took a book from such parcels without also removing the dust jacket. I had always been in the habit of preserving book jackets, partly for the brightness they gave to a book shelf, but largely because of the interesting and illuminating data they usually contained about the author; and I was the more distressed when he removed all the jackets from my own little library, insisting that they made a book look unread. Books were to him as much a necessity as food—and, alas, drink—and his continual purchase of them did not, therefore, make him conscious of his comparatively recent economic emancipation. But when he came home one afternoon with a parcel filled with new shirts, socks, and numerous neckties there was a curious, almost boyish pleasure in his face as he contemplated the neckties, and said to me, "You know, I can't get over the strange feeling and the sense of unaccustomed freedom it gives me to be able to *afford* to go in and *buy* some good-looking neckties I've seen in a shop window, and to do it without a sense of worry about the money, and without the feeling that I was depriving Gracie of something I ought to have bought for her instead!"

During the first month or two Lewis seemed to take great pleasure in our living arrangements. We took frequent walks together and saw many of our old mutual friends of evenings. Later at night he liked occasionally to revisit the Greenwich Village cafes and speakeasies he used to frequent in his pre-success days, even though he knew he would be plagued with requests for "loans" by the same down-and-out habitués who were there in his day, like Maxwell Bodenheim, whose nauseatingly unctuous flattery never failed to arouse Lewis's pity to the tune of a generous sum.

At this time I was an "associate" in the office of the already legendary dean of public-relations counsellors, an order destined to pullulate indefinitely in more or less his own image. There were definite reasons why I wanted to become familiar with public-relations techniques, but they were unapparent to Hal, who said I was dissipating the best years of my life and that I should concentrate on creative writing.

"It's utterly true that to learn to write," he would say, "one has to write and write and write and *write!* And if you can possibly avoid it, don't waste your energies on short stories and stuff for ephemeral publication. Write *books*. Be known as the author of 'Such-and-Such.' No matter what else you're doing, write at least eight hundred words a day, if possible a thousand—work in a bare room with nothing in it but a table, a chair, and a typewriter, and enough light—but *no view!* I wrote 'Our Mr. Wrenn' while commuting on Long Island Railroad trains to my blurb-writing job at Doubleday, Doran's. One competent full-length book will do more to establish the prestige of a potential writer than a flood of short pieces."

In this connection, Lewis put up to me time and again—partly with the idea that in my case it might serve as excellent training and experience—his plan for gathering the research material for his long projected novel about labor. I suppose there was no younger man in whom he had seen the slightest literary promise who had escaped this proposal to join him in a Model A Ford tour of most of the leading industrial centers of the United States, and while he himself would engage typical working men in presumably revealing conversations, his younger collaborator was to take careful notes of the gist of each such encounter. I was still too unfamiliar with Lewis's

major vagaries, and with the extent to which he had made the same offer to others, not to have been at the outset rather flattered by this repeated proposal; but instinct led me not to commit myself. I believe that in one or two instances he actually initiated such a tour; but, as might have been expected, they foundered almost at the outset. So far as I am aware, he never produced even a portion of a novel primarily concerned with labor.

EVEN had I then been free to follow Lewis's advice to devote myself exclusively to creative writing, there were at the moment certain obstacles which he was inclined to ignore. For after a full day in lower Broadway, capped with a final pummeling in the subway, there was no telling what I might find in our living room. More likely than not, Lewis would be surrounded by a welter of hopeful artistic strays from neighboring Greenwich Village, some of whom were certain to touch him for loans; girls who ran basement book shops; undergraduates from here and there, ostensibly doing research for English term papers, trying to look at ease in an atmosphere which left them puzzled and incredulous; a foreign correspondent or two, and at least one professional adventurer; and always a number of what Alf Harcourt described as "recurrent bevies of human alley cats and queers," odds and ends of humanity Lewis had met somewhere in his travels and had urged to be sure to look him up in New York, and who now, out of context, appeared lost and unassimilable.

To the least of these Lewis would listen with genuine deference—or more likely he would use the entire roomful as an audience for his clowning or his speeches in dialect—striving endlessly to stimulate a lively

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give-and-take, too often achieving no more than a rather hollow and specious kind of camaraderie.

Then again, by way of an enchanting interlude, one might find Eleanor Wylie (whom he adored, and I shall never forget), peacefully having tea. Or of an evening there would gather, at one time or another, Rebecca West, the Van Dorens, Bill Benét, Hugh Walpole, George Jean Nathan, Osbert Sitwell, Laurence Stallings, Lewis Browne, William Seabrook, old Bill Woodward, Arthur Hopkins—and many, many others I can't now recall. In the presence of these Lewis usually restrained his histrionics and made a definite effort to entice his guests to lead the conversation. For these were individuals whom he respected either for certain skills or attributes, or because they had something to teach him—for, with all his egotism and occasional arrogance in other directions, I was always impressed by his open-mindedness and readiness to learn about his craft.

Although so frequently at the price of sleep, the general talk, critical opinions, and discussions of their various professions which such personalities exchanged when they thus gathered informally together were, of course, tremendously stimulating and instructive to a young man with tacit hopes and visions. In addition, at every opportunity when he was in the mood, I asked Lewis technical questions about his own methods and findings. He always answered most willingly and with great clarity, usually citing exceedingly apt examples from his enormously wide reading to illustrate his meaning. As he was drawing within sight of the completion of "Gantry," I asked him what he regarded as some of the most difficult and arduous technical problems of writing a novel.

He answered at once: "In my own experience, one of the toughest and stubbornest problems is to evolve natural, smooth 'connective tissue' between the incidents, sequences, and divisions of my story, so that the reader will follow its transitions without being conscious of them. Another phase which frequently involves some of the hardest work is to dress characters, rooms, and scenes accurately and convincingly, and at the same time to make the process interesting enough to hold the reader's attention. Then there's the fundamentally important matter of unobtrusively familiarizing the reader with the locale of the story, so that, ideally speaking, he unconsciously acquires a sense of eye-witness, *living* participation in it. I've always made detailed maps of the more important fictional towns in my stories—let me show you the ones I made of Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, and of Zenith and Elk Hills in the State of Winnemac, and of a whole atlas-and-gazetteer-ful of places!" From his file he brought out a folder full of maps all of which he had drawn, becoming progressively more detailed as this atlas of his Middle Western world expanded. Here were the towns in "Our Mr. Wrenn," "The Trail of the Hawk," "The Job," "The Innocents," and "Free Air." Between Gopher Prairie and Zenith the detail increased until it was almost like an annotated commercial map, as for instance the ones of the business district, and of Floral Heights, the residential district of Zenith, whose outer fringes marked the horizon of Babbitt's daily life. By this folder full of maps Lewis had translated the world of his imagination and experience into something so close to reality that in listening to him one promptly became wholly convinced of their actuality. He was very proud of this distillation of his years of roaming and of photographic observation in every corner of the Middle West and in much of the rest of the United States; it was as real to him as "Bartholomew's World Atlas."

I HAVE always felt that nothing which happened during those months more accurately illumined Lewis's development from Prairie boyhood to a place in the creative literature of his country than his first meeting with my father, which occurred when the latter paid me a few days' visit just as "Gantry" was being completed.

It will be recalled that Carol Kennicut wanted to study art. Lewis confessed to my father that during the period of his own adolescent struggle in Sauk Center to find his proper metier he had often considered studying Egyptology under young James Henry Breasted at the then almost equally young University of Chicago. One morning my father was working at my desk when Lewis, in faded pajamas and a battered dressing gown, stalked in, holding a sheet of manuscript. "It's the last page of 'Elmer'!" he announced, as he handed it over, and genially draped himself at right angles across a chair.

My father laid the sheet on the desk and turned toward him. "You know, Hal," he said with twinkling-eyed solemnity, "I've had a bone to pick with you ever since I read 'Main Street,' in which you are guilty of an omission tantamount to an untruth!"

Lewis peered expectantly over his horn-rimmed glasses.

"The book interested me enor-

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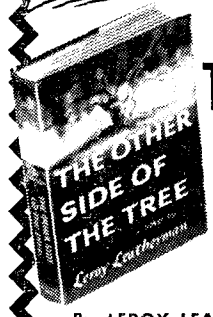

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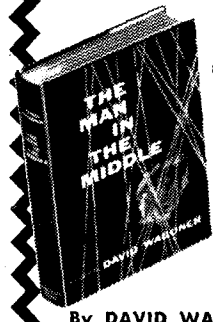

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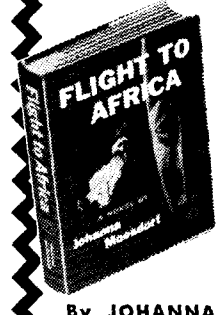

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mously, and moved me as one is bound to be by the powerful portrayal of the stuff of which one's own life is made. I read it with peculiar sympathy and appreciation, and regard it as a remarkable achievement. I should think it would gain for itself the same lasting place in our American literature accorded to those comparatively few books which have captured the spirit of our vanished frontiers, and the significant moods and phases of our maturing national development. The historian delineates the bones and sinews of a nation's being. The *great* novelist clothes them with the flesh and blood of contemporary actuality, the human fabric of social background. *That* is an inspiring and very personal art. I envy you —and you'll smile when I confess that I would have considered myself really successful if I could have written a book about my own bailiwick like Kingsley's 'Hypatia'!"

"I'm very flattered and touched, Doctor," said Lewis. "But what bone have I inadvertently left 'unclothed' for you to pick with me?"

"This: *you and I both* came from Main Street. We aren't geniuses, but we've had our creative impulses and the courage to pursue them—far beyond Main Street. Judging ourselves by our own standards, we know we aren't great—and we know we're not failures. We're solid and honest and eager and imbued with a modicum of vision, and in our small way we're a hopeful sign. The roster of American men and women of achievement in every field is filled with Main Street kids. But *nowhere* in your book did you give Main Street credit for contributing such people to the national community or to the world. Your picture is barren and sterile of all that we and our kind represent. Such an omission is a misrepresentation: it is as if you'd held up to Main Street one of the distorting mirrors we used to see in country circus and county fair sideshows. I believe you would have strengthened your case, Hal, by making at least a slight concession to these facts. Magnanimity is sometimes more effective than annihilation. Well, *that* was the friendly bone I've wanted to pick with you, ever since reading 'Main Street.' I hope I haven't hurt your feelings!"

Lewis uncoiled himself from his chair, walked over, and laid his hand affectionately on the older man's shoulder.

"You're quite right," he said quietly. "I was younger then and terribly anxious to make a mark with my first major book. I *did* exaggerate to make my point."

He lit a cigarette, picked up the sheet of manuscript, and looking at it thoughtfully as he moved toward the door, added almost to himself, "I suspect I might have been a more humane novelist had I studied Egyptology under Breasted!"

IT happened that while my father was still staying with us, a young artist named Hoffman was sent up by the editor of *The New York Times Book Review* to do a portrait sketch of Lewis in anticipation of their lead review of his forthcoming book. Noticing that the young man looked quite gaunt and unwell, Lewis quickly ferreted out his personal history and that he had been and was still almost starving to death.

In another day or so my father left, ending his only meeting with Lewis. Sheaves of galleys began arriving by messenger, and—as always at this stage—Lewis worked night and day while shifts of male stenographers with court reporters' training worked in our living room around the clock, copying drastic revisions and rushing them off to the publisher, until the day came when all this was finished and he was to sail that night.

When I returned home late that afternoon he met me at the door and with a particularly gay manner said that he wanted my opinion of a portrait of himself which he had commissioned Hoffman to do as a surprise goodbye gift to his son Wells. He ordered me to face the other way while he set it up properly. "Now," he said, "turn and look at it!"

It was an oil portrait of my father, done rapidly but with such skill that it had caught the lovely quality of his complete absorption in his work of the moment, wholly unaware that he was posing for young Hoffman. Lewis's eyes were very expressive as he said simply, "I thought you might like it—as a reminder!"

It hangs on the study wall just above me as this is written.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

THE AMERICAN LAWYER. By Albert P. Blaustein and Charles O. Porter. University of Chicago Press. $5.50. A study, complete with statistics and history, of the American legal profession as it has been pursued and mispursued in the past couple of hundred years.

THE BAD STEP. By Mark Derby. Viking Press. $3. A six-day bicycle race about an ex-secret service man who is hounded from Gibraltar to Spain to England to Indonesia by an ex-convict he had once helped convict and had presumed was dead.

THE CRAZY DOCTOR. By Arie van der Lugt. Translated by Alfred Van Duym. Random House. $3. A wild balloon about a bull-necked doctor who arrives as a replacement on a small Dutch Island, curses his patients back to health, lives in a haunted house, wrestles with the town toughs, deserts his wife, and in the end is overcome by God, who sends him back to his wife and saner ways.

FLIGHT TO AFRICA. By Johanna Moosdorf. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. Dark corners and white eyes about voodoo as it is practised by a small group of Moslem Negroes in West Africa. Also involved are a German-born woman who commits suicide while under the influence of the cult, and her husband, who tries to find out what's up. A first novel.

FOUR CONTINENTS. By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Harper & Bros. $4. A velvety, Rubenesque collection of travel sketches, reminiscences, and memorials based on Sir Osbert's meanderings in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE. By David Wagoner. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. An exciting dish about an ex-railroad-crossing tender, who accidentally finds himself the guardian of a brief case stuffed with papers and records that the hoods of Chicago would dearly love having. Plenty of attention is also paid to both small-time crooks and the big bunnies. A first novel.

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL. By Herman Hagedorn. The Macmillan Co. $5. A portrait of the years President Teddy spent with his wife and their six children around the crackling hearth of the trophy-packed house in Oyster Bay, L.I., which has now become a national shrine.

ROYAL INTRIGUE. By Evelyn Anthony. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. How that mighty fortress, Catherine the Great of Russia, bullied her son all over the lot, and then died, allowing him to become Paul I. This is supposed to be as fictional as anything can be which concerns this great bully of a female, her sagacious power-politics, and her parade of lovers, to whom—when the sparks at last died —she presented ministries, estates, and kingdoms as tokens of her abundant regard.

SETH. By David Brynley. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. The growing-up of one Seth, who is born a bastard in a stable in a remote part of Wales, and many rub-a-drub years later finally manages to be off to London to study music.

TOTALITARIANISM. Edited by Carl J. Friedrich. Harvard University Press. $6.50. Nineteen essays, which grew out of a conference on totalitarianism held in 1953 by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, done by such as George F. Kennan and Harold D. Lasswell.

WHERE LAND MEETS SEA: The Tideline of Cape Cod. By Clare Leighton. Rinehart & Co. $4. An evocation, done in moonwhites and fog grays, of the daily life of Cape Cod: the berry man, the sea-voiced fishermen, shipwreck, the dying away of the hand-carved oldtimers, the wash of the seasons.

WIDOW'S WALK. By Faith Baldwin. Rinehart & Co. $2.50. A collection of poems, by an old hand, about the life of widowhood.

WYNDHAM LEWIS. By Hugh Kenner. New Directions. $2.50. A critical biography of the English writer and painter, who got started in the days when Ezra Pound was divoting Europe's turf, and has since developed, because of his turvytopsy vision of things, into his country's Number One literary oddfellow.—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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NEW EDITIONS

Dour, Ambitious Fathers

THE PURITANS loom large in the American past, and most of us think we know quite a bit about them; but quite a bit of what most of us think we know is wrong. Perry Miller points to some common errors when he writes: "Professional patriots, especially those of New England descent, are fond of celebrating the Puritans as the founders of the American tradition of rugged individualism, freedom of conscience, popular education, and democracy. The Puritans were not rugged individualists; they did indeed believe in education of a sort, but not in the 'progressive' sense; they abhorred freedom of conscience; and they did not believe at all in democracy."

This quotation is from Professor Miller's contribution to "The World of History" (Mentor Books, 35¢), an enjoyable anthology of historical writing that sheds light on a wide variety of subjects, including the First Crusade, Mrs. Lincoln's shopping habits, the Burgundian view of Joan of Arc, modern Greece seen through the eyes of Santayana, the Assyrian Empire, durable Byzantium, Bonaparte as he was in 1795, Socrates, and the futile, fatal attempts of Chamberlain and Henderson to appease a conqueror who had only contempt for their weakness. But if one wishes to learn just what the Puritans were, rather than what they were not, the book to turn to is the second issue of Professor Miller's "The New England Mind: The Seventeenth Century" (Harvard University Press, $6.50). This is the best informed, closest, most penetrating study of the Puritan mind and world-view that I have read. Stressing the unoriginality of Puritan thought, Mr. Miller traces its constituent ideas to their sources and explains the novel uses to which they were put in an elaborate theological-cosmological structure that included both individual and communal covenants with God, and exempted New England from the iron laws of history, from "the normal operations of cause and effect, and secured it upon the pinnacle of ecclesiastical perfection." For the sake of this study Mr. Miller has lived long with masses of writing that would prove repellently dull to almost all twentieth-century readers; but no germ of this dulness has infected his own work.

Another interesting Mentor Book is "The Uses of the Past" (50¢), by Herbert J. Muller, which consists of a number of historical essays by an author who wisely refuses to make Western civilization the criterion of all cultural judgments, who finds in history not one meaning but many, and who faces without depression the fact that we must remain uncertain about our beginnings and our ends. Mr. Muller is an informal, amateur historian; he is also good company on historical excursions.

Still another new Mentor volume is one of the great, enduring books of all time, the "Bhagavad-Gita" (35¢), now translated by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood, and introduced by Aldous Huxley. This translation, in verse and prose, is as pleasantly readable an English version of the "Gita" as any I have seen; and it should prove popular. But if one wishes a thorough explanation of all the Sanscrit words and phrases and philosophical concepts that Krishna uses in his instruction of Arjuna, the edition to consult is the fully annotated one by S. Radhakrishnan (Harper) already praised in these columns. Mr. Huxley declares that the "Gita" shows the only way by which a world at war can escape self-destruction; but the truth is that the message of the "Gita" is incompatible with the very nature of Western civilization.

A clear view of some of the aspects of this civilization may be found in the revised edition of Hans J. Morgenthau's "Politics Among Nations" (Knopf, $7.50). This realistic study of "The Struggle for Power and Peace" is an antidote to current wishful thinking, and its importance is in direct proportion to the large amount of Utopian day-dreaming that is now so popular. Not to be bypassed is Professor Morgenthau's analysis of the fallacies on which UNESCO has been founded.

Academic Reprints (Stanford, California) has reissued Hiram Martin Chittenden's "A History of the American Fur Trade of the Far West" (2 vols., $12.50), with a new introduction by Grace Lee Nute. First published in 1902, Chittenden's work has not yet been superseded, and it remains an absorbing, detailed account of a trade that little more than a hundred years ago "was almost the only business transacted in the immense territory west of the Mississippi."

New Signet Book—"Nine Stories" (25¢), by J. D. Salinger, of "The Catcher in the Rye" fame.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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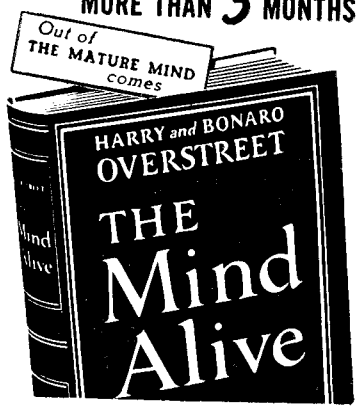

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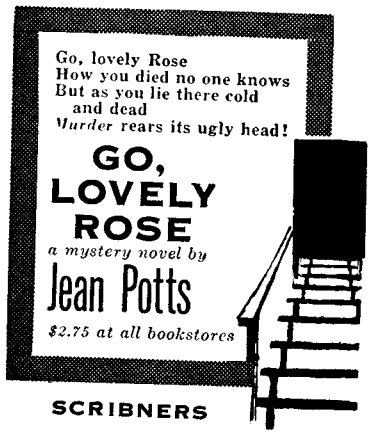

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Edges of the World

Continued from page 19

provided work for scholars who are better able to carry on their research into the early history of man within walking distance of the world's great libraries.

The scholars, however, will not have as much fun as did these intrepid Frenchmen and their fascinating native helpers. As they tell of it, it seems to have been fun, though almost always fun with overtones and undertones of heartbreaking agony and tantalizing discomfort. Their trip would certainly qualify as one of the worst journeys in the world, yet the reader will find it hard to overcome a mounting wish that he, too, had taken it. This must indicate something of the character and personality of Carl, Petit, Bourdelon, and Guérard. With men of their calibre to do the searching, nothing which has left any trace on earth can long remain a secret. I have only two complaints about their book: one, that there is not even a sketch map accompanying it; and the other, that the translation from the French is extremely stiff, unidiomatic, and occasionally undiscerning.

Notes

TRAVEL APPETIZER: Jerome Weidman's **"Traveler's Cheque"** (Doubleday, $4.50) is something of a what-is-it—part-anthology, part travelogue; in fact, a sort of *pasticcio,* which may or may not be your favorite flavor. It contains nineteen articles that originally appeared in *Holiday* magazine and which have the editor introducing and commenting upon excerpts from some notable travel and adventure stories by some notable authors. Weidman has ranged far and on the whole chosen wisely. Represented are such works as "Brazilian Adventure," "Land Below the Wind," "Good Night, Sweet Prince," "The Conquest of Peru," letters by Henry Adams and Columbus, and the Gospel according to St. Luke; and such writers as Maugham, Dickens, Richard Henry Dana, James Ramsey Ullman, Sir Richard Burton, Alexander Woollcott, William Makepeace Thackeray, and Jerome Weidman.

There is not much quarreling with a lineup like this, but there may be with the manner of presentation. Mr. Weidman is all over the place with personal anecdotes and asides, often as not entertaining in themselves, but leaving little room for the all too brief excerpts from his selected authors. In all fairness, however, it should be noted that his intention was merely in each case to whet the reader's appetite for the whole book. If you are willing to go along with this idea, Mr. Weidman makes lively company.

—J. M. FLAGLER.

—From "Mountains in the Desert."

A Taureg—"one of the worst journeys."

THIRTY JAPS AND A GIRL: Even at best, writings in the Japanese idiom have always been difficult for Western readers, and the hastily-translated work of a Japanese amateur is more than mortal American should normally be asked to bear. Since the book in question, however, is the American edition of the unusual Japanese best seller **"Anatahan"** (Hermitage House, $3.50), by Michiro Maruyama, interested parties may wish to brave the printed version rather than content themselves with Josef von Sternberg's movie adaptation, which has been making the rounds in this country. For all its raggedness, the book does contain a fuller and somewhat earthier account of events and the story itself is indeed a sort of classic curiosity in the annals of shipwreck literature.

Anatahan is a rugged tropical island in the Marianas where a band of twenty to thirty castaway Japanese soldiers and sailors held out for seven years, five of them after the surrender of their homeland in World War II. Their social order is put to a severe strain by primitive living conditions, personal animosities, and, most of all, the presence on the island of a lone woman. Young and relatively attractive, Keiko becomes known as "The Queen Bee," not without reason, and she is strictly poison. Her five semi-official mates (the author hints at some unofficial drones, too) die on Anatahan, some under suspicious circumstances, and she herself becomes as tough, naked, and bibulous as the men, but then even a Wellesley girl might have been hard put to retain decorum under similar circumstances.

—J. M. F.

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Fiction

Continued from page 14

with the late Joseph Greene. The writers' conference, it appears, is here to stay; some of our most distinguished writers participate in these affairs and similar anthologies could be put together from the works of authors "connected with" most of them. The editor's commentaries, however, are characterized by the florid tone of the second-rate press release. Such statements as "you will write a better . . . [novel] for having heard a poet analyze a poem [at a writers' conference]" or "Bread Loaf . . . is a Shangri-la of a place" tend to make me just a little ill.

Notes

DIPLOMATS AT PLAY: When Georges de Sarre, fledgling French diplomat, reports to his new post in Athens the fuse of the European bombshell is already burning, for it is 1937. But the preening characters in Roger Peyrefitte's **"Diplomatic Diversions"** (Vanguard Press, $3) use its ominous heat only to toast the marshmallows of their own self-interest. The absurd, interembassy rivalries; the major calamities resulting from minor breaches of protocol; the psychosexual perversity aroused by the antique decadence of the Attic clime (to one extreme of which our hero succumbs with his chief's nubile daughter, and to the other—nearly—with blond, platonic Rudolf)—all these make for amusing, piquant reading. At the end (which might occur at any point, so little does the book depend on narrative progression), Georges's embassy, anticipating the imminent Great War, indulges in a pitched battle of its own, as a result of which Georges, indifferent to his paltry fate, is recalled to Paris.

Though British reviewers have compared "Diplomatic Diversions" to novels of their own Evelyn Waugh and Christopher Isherwood, it seldom achieves either Waugh's roaring satiric humor or Isherwood's sensitive, regretful irony. In alternating between approximations to both these disparate qualities, the book is marred by a definite unevenness of tone. But M. Peyrefitte is French, and falls heir to a portion of that temperament which, adulterated by Anatole France, finds its most illustrious exemplar in Voltaire. Those who enjoy the wit and pitiless sanity of "Candide" will discover fitful adumbrations of it here, and may find in their satiric souls the kindness to excuse this author's lapses when they consider that he writes,

This Picture is as DANGEROUS as it is PITIFUL!

The ominous significance of this picture is that it threatens to take from us all that we hold most dear—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Not only in South Korea, where this picture was taken, but in India and other *democratic* countries, millions awoke this morning hungry. They will be hungry all day and will go to bed hungry. To bed?—Millions of them after working all day will sleep in the streets at night. They have no home. They can't even afford a few feet of space in some vermin infected shack without sanitary arrangements of any kind.

The road to communism is paved with hunger, ignorance and lack of hope. Half of the school age children living in the world today do not attend school. If they did, they would be too hungry to study. What does a man, woman or child, without a roof over their heads, with no personal belongings whatever, save the rags wrapped around them, tormented with the inescapable lice, always hungry and above all facing only hopeless tomorrows—what do such have to lose if they listen to communist propaganda? Their resentment may any day ignite the spark that will explode the hydrogen bomb.

The misery of human beings is the most powerful weapon in the hands of the communists. It just can't go on. The world can't exist half stuffed and half starved. The rumble that is growing in intensity around the world is not the rumble in overfed stomachs. It is the fearsome and dangerous rumble in the empty stomachs of the world.

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perhaps, in an age when it is difficult to be as sure of one's attitudes as Voltaire was able to be of his.

The translation, by James Fitz Maurice, though careless in small matters, is adequate. —JEROME STONE.

MRS. CANDY GETS CLASS: Robert Tallant has been trafficking in Louisiana local color for some time, with generally happy results. In his latest potpourri Mr. Tallant propels Mrs. Eustacia Candy Petit (whose generous figure has pleasantly filled out two previous books) into the fringe area of New Orleans high society. Oil has been struck on husband Henry's property in Bogalusa, and Eustacia persuades her easygoing spouse to move to a tonier district. The vast, moldering mansion they acquire is redecorated by an ecstatic young man named Leon Leon; Mrs. Candy herself is done over by a predatory social secretary named Myra Clapp. The results, as Leon Leon might say, are utterly fabulous.

"Mrs. Candy Strikes It Rich" (Doubleday. $3.50) is billed on its jacket as "A Funny Novel," and Mr. Tallant often lives up to this billing. He mingles Mrs. Candy's uninhibited Cairo Street pals with her classy new friends in some wildly explosive shenanigans. But "Mrs. Candy Strikes It Rich" would be an even funnier novel if Mr. Tallant didn't consistently overplay his hand by making everyone in the book so much of a "character," and by rigging Mrs. Candy's predicaments so heavily for obvious laughs. Still, anyone essaying humor these witless days deserves a round of applause—and any return visit that Mr. Tallant pays to Cairo Street should be of interest.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

SUGAR, MURDER, AND AVENGEMENT: Life could be very pleasant on a Jamaican sugar plantation, *circa* 1804, especially for the planter. Gowry Moore, laird of "Gramercie," had every reason to be pleased with his situation in life. He had developed some unpromising acreage, formerly called "Dry Gut," into one of the island's more verdant plantations. His wife was beautiful, and his handsome daughter, Diane, shared his love for the land. The only smudge on Gowry's horizon was the fact that someone was regularly lacing his rations with poison. Being a contemplative man, Gowry brooded on his predicament as he steadily lost weight, until he was too debilitated to do more than enter his suspicions in his coded diary. In **"Diane"** (Morrow, $3.95) Herbert Best makes a moderately entertaining fable out of the battle for "Gramercie" and the campaign to avenge its founder's murder. Not one for subtle shadings, Mr. Best paints his characters with the same flamboyant hues that color the West Indian foliage. The villain is a slavering cad, the mettlesome Diane is too good to be true, and virtue triumphs in a blaze of baroque violence. Mr. Best's informed account of Jamaican folklore helps to provide a texture of reality for Diane Moore's melodramatic progress. -M. L.

FLESH AND THE DEVIL IN LA.: The people in **"The Other Side of the Tree"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), LeRoy Leatherman's teasingly shadowy novel about love and honor and the devil in the flesh, bear the past on their backs like a weight. But it is not a dead weight, and as it whispers itself into their hearkened ears it provides subtle analogues to their contemporary experiences.

The time is today, the scene is a small town in Louisiana, and the story concerns the love of a young boy for a girl and the way in which its course and destination are strangely determined by a complex of events that occurred in the town at the turn of the last century. Much of it is related, from numerous points of view, in a series of flashbacks so intricately coordinated and balanced that the author at times seems in danger of losing sight of his story, so involved does he become in developing an unusual technique for telling it.

Most of the characters behave in a rigidly compulsive way that makes them seem the symbolic pawns of mindless inner urges and mysterious outer forces rather than what my Aunt Min would call "flesh-and-blood folks." But, as in Proust's enormous novel, and in such American efforts as "Raintree County" and "The History of Rome Hanks," Time, protean and immanent, is the chief figure in "The Other Side of the Tree," and as Mr. Leatherman shows Time at work, performing intriguing and magical changes, we are treated to an interesting literary experience. —J. S.

LADY OF TWO TIMES: In **"The Victorian Chaise Longue"** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75) Marghanita Laski has written a fantasy with a moral. The fantasy consists of projecting a comfortable young lady, who is recuperating from tuberculosis, back into the year 1864, and into the dying body of another young lady who is (was?) the victim of nineteenth-century ignorance and narrowmindedness. The moral seems to be that it is better to be living today and not in the middle of the nineteenth century, especially if you have TB.

Despite such shaky foundations Miss Laski's story holds up to the end,

Marghanita Laski—"somber despair."

because she has succeeded in creating a mood of somber despair. Her portrait of Millie, the dying girl, is done in the Brontë manner, done but not overdone, so that she is a most pathetic and sympathetic person. And when you consider that the entire action takes place in one room on a Victorian chaise longue you must give the author credit for the skill with which she develops her story, always holding out vital bits of information to build suspense. —ROBERT MINTON.

TARNISHED HEARTS OF GOLD: The articulation displayed by Bernard Wolfe in **"The Late Risers"** (Random House, $3.50) has the genuine literary ring of Broadway, to whose mythology this novel that far contributes much. Even the chapter headings are erudite, as, for instance, the one that says in uncapitalized glory, "the evanescent effluvium of charisma, boy" and the one that says, "cyberneticist in a pinstripe." The story itself, however, leaves something to be desired. Basically this deals with two souls on Broadway: the girl and the columnist who are trying to save themselves from it all. They, of course, are involved in one way or another with the inevitable girls about town, the inevitable dope pusher (whose name is Movement), and a seemingly inevitable gassed veteran of World War I who feeds the pigeons at the feet of Father Duffy. All these spend the usual number of pages pushing dope, trying to find love, and telling each other that they have hearts of gold—or at least would have them if their mothers hadn't had homicidal tendencies. Mr. Wolfe's theme is expressed in a quotation from Herman Melville at the beginning of the book. Which says: "To resent the imputation of anything like unhappiness I have often observed to be peculiar to certain orders of men." Which could be a worthwhile theme.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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SR's Library Poll

CHICAGO thirty years ago was a study in contraries: a hopelessly corrupt municipal administration lorded it over a dozen racial communities anxious to plant roots in the rich, vast land to which Chicago is the key. The cross-purposes of tears and tommy-guns produced a uniquely flavored journalism, to which Ben Hecht ("A Child of the Century" is #9 this week) is perhaps the most enduring and successful contributor.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
3. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth (G)**
4. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
5. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
   by Taylor Caldwell (F)
6. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
7. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
9. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
10. **Gone With the Wind**
    by Margaret Mitchell (F)
11. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
12. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
13. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
14. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
15. **Bless This House**
    by Norah Lofts (F)
16. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
17. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
18. **The High and the Mighty**
    by Ernest K. Gann (F)
19. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
20. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Geologist's word, large fault block of mountainous topography.	202 83 157 123 15 144
B. Readiness to converse.	31 166 60 102 84 46 208 54 190 125
C. Reddish.	40 181 53 7 2 165
D. Visionary rather than practical.	141 132 24 193 153 173 44 182 10 32
E. Source of commercial petroleum (2 wds.).	59 136 73 30 186 143 51
F. Specifying the salute of 21 guns.	36 109 13 120 47 115 151 130
G. Capital of Pakistan.	76 105 14 129 33 178 80
H. Medium of development, much of the Victorian furniture (2 wds.).	170 163 91 207 137 185 56 61
I. The belladonna.	171 201 113 104 3 26 45 135 192 5
J. Mathematician dealing with measurements, positions, shapes, of Earth's surface.	100 63 29 122 124 196 70 138 160
K. A devastating surprise.	152 188 119 50 66 72 118 183 131
L. Eccentric.	34 159 98 148 11 62
M. Preceded by Word N, title in the British order whose motto is, "Tria juncta in uno." (3 wds.)	158 38 206 117 108 1 43 19 69
N. See word M.	17 112 162 23 198 134
O. Where university students of geology, mineralogy, petrography, etc. learn their stuff (3 wds.).	85 71 20 39 75 168 99 189 4 111 121 52 187
P. Voiceless.	41 64 147 74 48 184 197
Q. Music or painting which suggests night.	174 149 16 116 86 101 22 82
R. Morbid craving for drink, often periodic.	88 199 103 77 90 6 167 128 92 65
S. The gypsy "sign"—handful of leaves, etc.—thrown down to indicate their course of travel.	95 94 175 87 195 89
T. Specifying alcoholic content of several wines (2 wds.).	154 21 172 96 140 9 107 57 180 191 42
U. The lightest possible shade of gray (NOT Webster's def.; 2 wds.).	97 194 139 156 164 110 68 28 114 81 27
V. Slavish devotion to one's country.	106 145 177 205 127 176 169 49 37 8 18
W. Most famous Knight of the Round Table, reared by the Lady of the Lake.	142 12 79 150 200 58 25 204 67
X. Dutch buccaneer, 17th cent., author of important source book for history of piracy.	179 146 78 35 133 203 126 161 155 93 55

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 M	2 C	3 I	■	4 O	5 I	6 R	7 C	8 V	9 T	■	10 D	11 L	■	12 W	■	13 F	14 G
15 A	16 Q	17 N	18 V	■	19 M	20 O	21 T	22 Q	23 N	■	24 D	25 W	26 I	27 U	■	28 U	29 J
30 E	■	31 B	32 D	33 G	34 L	35 X	36 F	37 V	■	38 M	39 O	40 C	■	41 P	■	42 T	43 M
44 D	45 I	46 B	47 F	48 P	49 V	50 K	51 E	52 O	■	53 C	54 B	55 X	56 H	57 T	58 W	■	59 E
60 B	■	61 H	62 L	63 J	■	64 P	65 R	66 K	67 W	■	68 U	69 M	70 J	71 O	72 K	■	73 E
74 P	75 O	76 G	77 R	■	78 X	79 W	80 G	81 U	82 Q	■	83 A	84 B	85 O	86 Q	87 S	88 R	■
89 S	90 R	91 H	■	92 R	93 X	■	94 S	■	95 S	96 T	97 U	98 L	99 O	100 J	101 Q	102 B	103 R
104 I	■	105 G	106 V	107 T	108 M	109 F	110 U	111 O	112 N	113 I	■	114 U	115 F	■	116 Q	117 M	118 K
■	119 K	120 F	121 O	122 J	123 A	■	124 J	125 B	126 X	■	127 V	128 R	■	129 G	130 F	131 K	■
132 D	133 X	134 N	135 I	136 E	137 H	138 J	■	139 U	140 T	141 D	142 W	143 E	■	144 A	145 V	146 X	147 P
148 L	149 Q	150 W	151 F	152 K	153 D	154 T	■	155 X	156 U	157 A	■	158 M	159 L	160 J	161 X	162 N	163 H
164 U	165 C	■	166 B	167 R	168 O	169 V	170 H	171 I	172 T	■	173 D	174 Q	175 S	176 V	■	177 V	178 G
179 X	■	180 T	181 C	182 D	183 K	184 P	185 H	186 E	187 O	■	188 K	189 O	■	190 B	191 T	192 I	193 D
194 U	■	195 S	196 J	■	197 P	198 N	199 R	200 W	■	201 I	202 A	203 X	204 W	205 V	206 M	207 H	208 B

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 34 of this issue.

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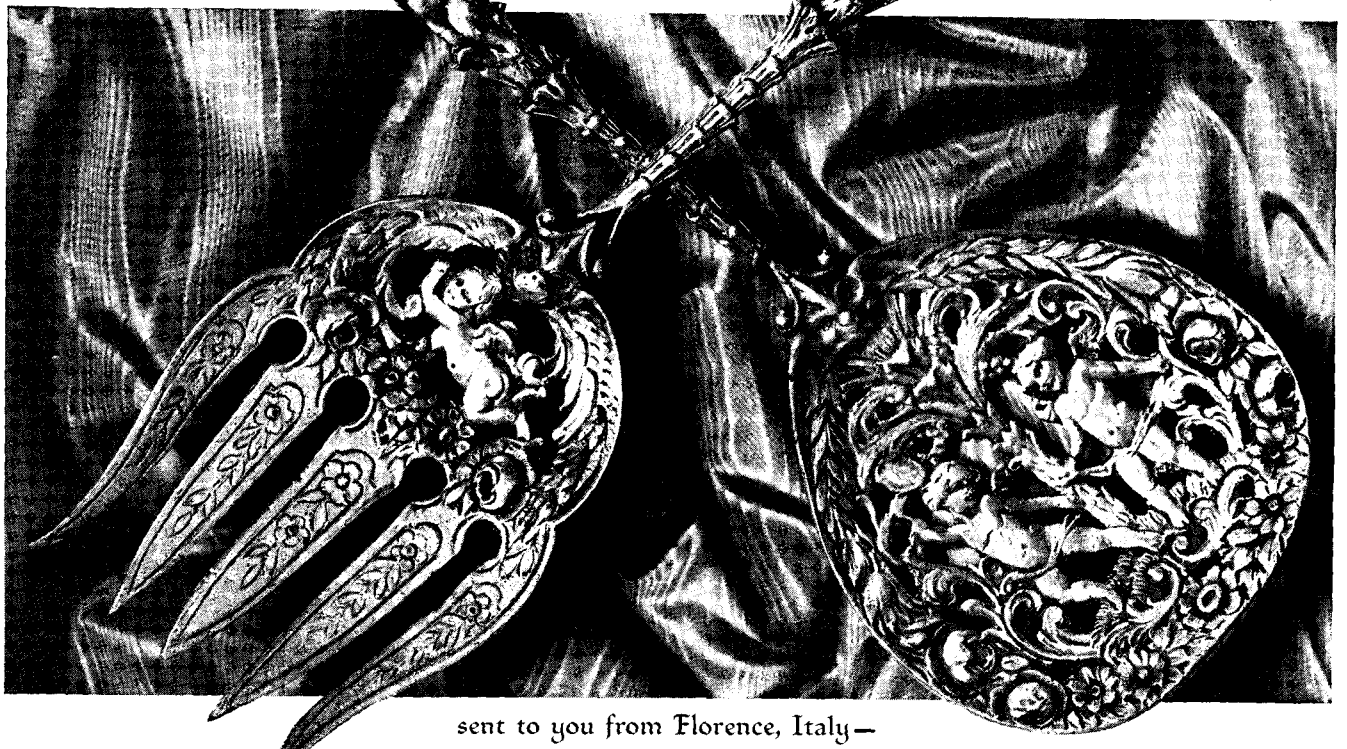

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